
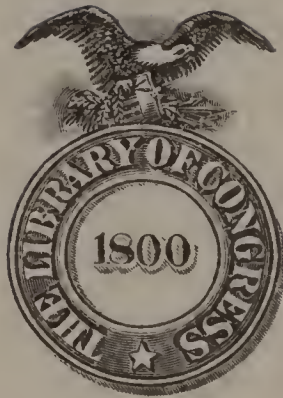


BONNY PRINCE

A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal line with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork and a central circular motif.

MARION SEWELL



Class PZ7

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BONNY PRINCE

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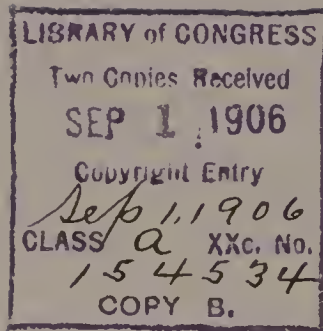
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COLLIE DOG

BY

MARION SEWELL

CHICAGO

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY



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BONNY PRINCE

CHAPTER I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

THE FIRST thing I remember in this world is the box in which I passed my early days. It was about six feet long, I think, and nearly as wide, and the bottom was covered with coarse, prickly straw. I have often thought that I might have begun life under more favorable circumstances, but taking all in all, I have seen enough happiness in my life to make amends for any amount of discomfort at the beginning.

I could not have been more than five weeks old when I began taking an interest in the things about me; not a very great interest, to be sure, but sufficient to keep time from hanging too heavily upon my paws. The straw before mentioned often tickled my nose, but I did not let it distress me very much, for, being unused to the ways of the world, I supposed that every one had to be tickled more or less.

A wide crack in the side of the box allowed whiffs of cold air to sail over my head, and when they blew in my face I sneezed; and then as I buried my nose in the straw I nearly always sneezed again. However, I soon became used to the weather, and the long, wide crack gave me much amusement, because through it I could see and be seen. As I looked out into the world I saw many things which seemed strange and fearful, but in due time I even understood that they were useful each in its particular way. I sometimes smile and wag my tail to think how little I knew at first and how much I have learned in the course of my long life.

Many times a day a pan of warm milk appeared in one corner of my little home (which, by the way, I shared with five frolicsome brothers and sisters), and while it was being lapped by half a dozen eager tongues, I heard voices outside and from them I learned that I was a Collie pup with a coat of so dark a brown that it was commonly spoken of as black. My little brothers and sisters were just common yellow puppies, good-natured and playful. Sometimes they amused me with their frolicsome ways, for they were always tumbling over each



TWO MEN STOOD OVER OUR BOX

other, and they often looked very funny as they bounded and rolled from one side of the box to the other. When I grew tired of watching them I would turn my eyes to the outer world where I was sure to find something worthy of my attention.

One rather cold day when I was about seven weeks old I sat huddled in one corner of the box at the very end of the crack watching with interest numbers of white flakes sifting down from somewhere above my head. They came more and more slowly and at last I could not see them at all. I wondered where they had gone, and as I strained my eyes hoping to see, my head bumped against something soft and silky, and before I had time to assert my dignity, I was struggling on my back, unable to move because one of those pale brown puppies had sunk his teeth into my throat. After some time I managed to rise to my feet, and was surprised to find that I was not in the least hurt, only breathless and more angry than I now like to confess. None appeared to notice my distress, for the whole five were wrestling playfully in the straw, but I recognized the impudent little fellow that had just attacked me and taking a long

breath I prepared to give him his first lesson in good manners. Then suddenly the lid of our box opened wide, and my eyes were blinded by a flood of light.

CHAPTER II

MY NEW HOME

TWO MEN stood over our box looking down at us. One was fat and rosy-faced, and wore a long cloak wrapped closely about him. The other I recognized as our master. He was an old man with a gray beard and he appeared anxious for us to be admired. They were both laughing and the strange man was saying, "Fine little dogs, every one of them, but if you don't mind I'll take this one, for the boy said he wanted a black puppy that had a white collar." As he said this he touched me lightly with his riding whip, and my master seemed greatly pleased with the selection.

"I'll go and get a basket to put him in," he called back as he went off in the direction of the house. The strange man took me out of the box and stroked my hair, telling me that I was very handsome and asked me if I was worth fifty dollars. I was quite eager to let him know that I was very cheap at that figure, but being unable to talk I merely grunted my satisfaction. After what seemed to me rather a

long time, the old man returned, bringing with him a round basket lined with cotton, I was put into this and the lid was partly closed over me so that I could



MR FRENCH

not get out, though I had a chance to enjoy the fresh air. When this was done, the man who now owned me handed the old gentleman a green piece of paper and said, "There you are." He smiled, and rubbing his hands together remarked, "Fifty

dollars is a large sum to pay for such a scrap of a dog, but you'll see that in time he will be worth more than a hundred dollars to you."

As my new master picked up the basket I saw my little brothers and sisters for the last time, as they crowded whimpering together in a corner of the big box. Presently my new friend started off humming a low tune and swaying me gently backward and forward as he walked. I soon 'fell asleep in my comfortable abode and did not awaken until there was a bumping and a jostling and a noise of whistles and bells and loud voices and we came again into the chill air. I know now, what I did not know then, that I had just been having my first ride in a train. I heard several people speak to "Mr. French" and each asked him what he had in the basket. To all he replied that he had "fifty dollars worth of dog flesh." Some were not satisfied with this answer and came to inspect the prize. The ladies all pronounced me "cunning" and "lovely," but the men were much less refined and pretended not to see my beauty. They even went so far as to tell Mr. French that another "trade like that" would break him up. I was glad to see, however, that he

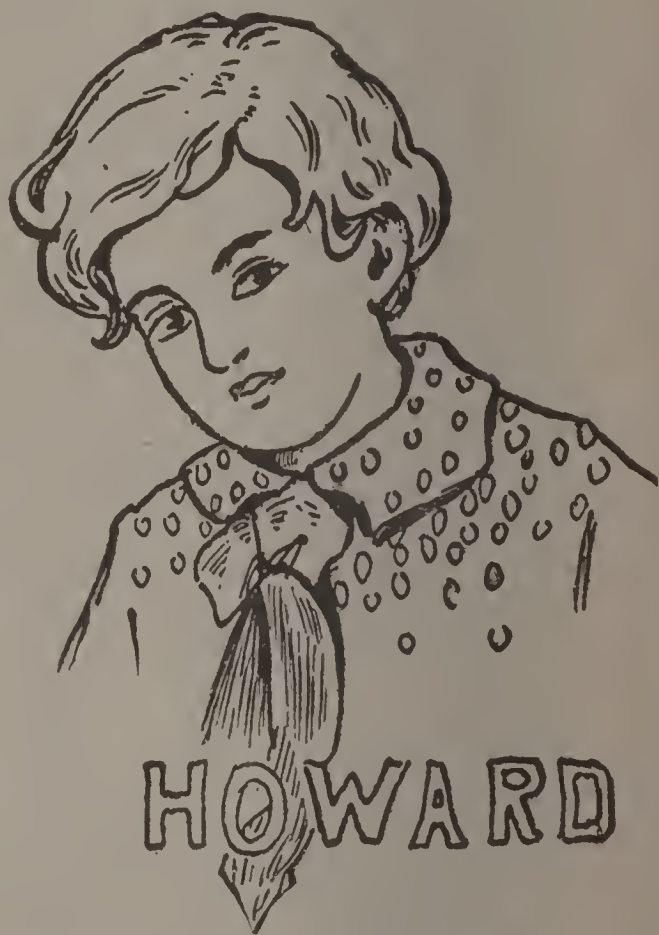


SEVERAL PEOPLE ASKED WHAT HE HAD IN THE BASKET

paid no attention to their disrespectful remarks, only seeming to be amused. After he had parted from a last group of friends he started down a sidewalk humming and swaying me backward and forward as before. I would have again fallen asleep had not a clear young voice broken in upon my dosing.

“Did you get him, papa? Did you get the black puppy with a white collar?”

“Yes, Howard, my boy,” Mr. French called back, “and here he is. I am sure you will be delighted.” As he spoke he took the lid off the basket and before I could collect my thoughts I was thrust



into the eager hands of the nicest, merriest little boy that it has ever been my lot to meet. He was about nine years old and had brown curly hair and a pair of brown eyes that sparkled with delight. He

laughed and laughed as he looked at me and I noticed how white and even were his teeth. I decided the moment I saw him that he was a very good-humored boy and that I would have a fine master in the person of little Howard French.

He carried me up the row of stone steps and into the beautiful and richly furnished house where I made the acquaintance of Howard's mama, his Aunt Lucy, and a number of servants. They all praised and petted me until I felt very proud.

Aunt Lucy, who was a lovely, golden-haired young lady, remembered that I must be hungry after my long journey, and at once warmed some sweet milk which she placed

before me in a cunning wooden dish. While I lapped it up, timidly at first and then more boldly



AUNT
LUCY

Mrs. French asked what name should be given me. Some one suggested "Nero" at once, but Howard put it aside, he thought me far too small for such a big-sounding name. His mama said that I would probably grow quite large, still my young master held out for a cute, baby name, and they were at the point of despair when Aunt Lucy came to the rescue by saying that she thought "Bonny Prince" would do very nicely. At the mention of a double name for me, Howard clapped his hands delightedly.

"That is just the thing," he cried. "Bonny means pretty, and will suit while he's little and then Prince is great and noble and just the name for him when he is a great big doggie."

"Yes, but you must call him Prince now," said Aunt Lucy mischievously, "or he won't know whom you mean when he is grown up."

"I will always call him Bonny Prince," returned Howard, as he dropped on his knees beside me, upsetting my milk, in his excitement.

CHAPTER III

HAPPY DAYS

I CAME to my new home when the snow was on the ground, and everything was cold and frozen. I was given a nice warm house of my own, where Master Howard brought me nice meals three times a day. I found him to be the kindest and dearest little master in the world. He seemed to know just how a little dog likes to be treated and no matter how wild was our play he never became rough or hurt me.

When spring came, I had grown very much and was allowed to go everywhere with Howard. What times we had together! During the long winter evenings he taught me games and tricks, and I am forced to say that I was a very apt pupil. Some things I could do so well that the admiration of the whole family was elicited, and frequently the neighbors were brought in to see me perform. On such occasions, being quite modest, I would hide behind Master Howard, and only come out after much coaxing. Once started I did wonderful things. It is all so long ago that I forget half of them, but it is

enough to remember that I was made much of and admired to my hearts content.

As I said, it was in the spring when everything was beginning to live again, that my cup of happiness

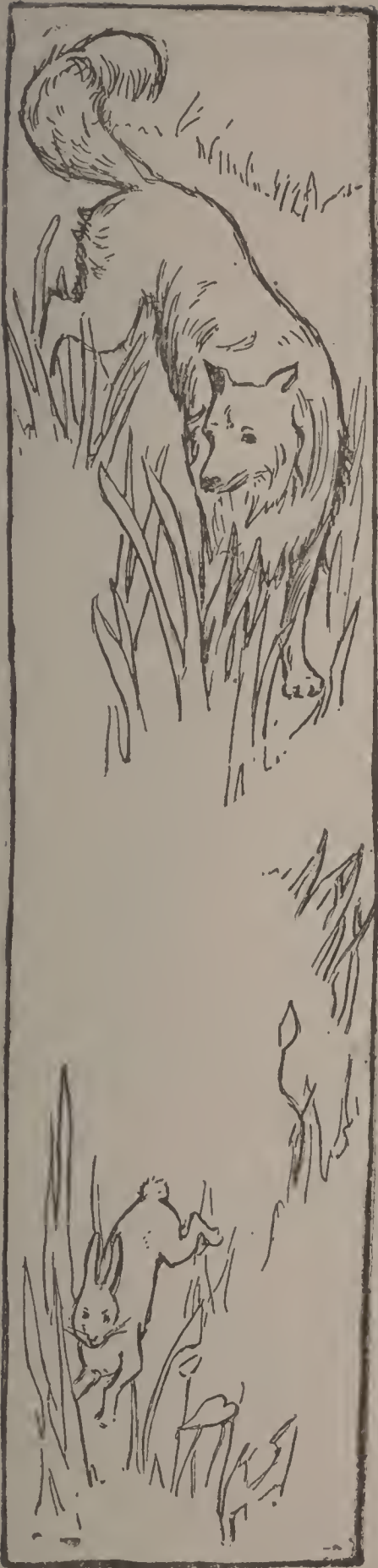


THE TEACHER

was so full. On bright afternoons I trotted in the woods at my little master's heels while he sought wild flowers for dear Aunt Lucy, satisfied to rest

when he rested, content if he wished to roam for hours at a time. I especially enjoyed the weekly rides in the carriage down a cool, pleasant road which led to a large silent building where Howard's mama and Aunt Lucy would get out, bringing with them the wild flowers which little master and I had gathered. But my greatest pleasure was when I was allowed to go to school with my young master.

Strange to say, the boys and girls never teased me but often gave me choice scraps from their dinner-pails, and taught me many tricks with a rubber ball. While school was in session I would amuse myself by chasing rabbits, but this was not very exciting, for almost as soon as I had made a good



start in the race the rabbit would disappear from view and I had my efforts for nothing and a long walk back, in the bargain.

Staying by myself outside soon grew tiresome and as I knew no reason why I should not I decided to walk in through the open doors and see what Master Howard and the rest were doing. I sprang lightly up the steps and stood looking in at the door. The teacher's face was turned from me and she was writing on the blackboard. She was tall and slim and had a big roll of brown hair on the top of her head, through which peeped a long, red pencil.

"How many bones in the human face?" she asked, and turned round so suddenly that I do believe she expected her pupils' attention to be wandering, but in this she was mistaken, for they were all sitting as straight as ramrods, their eyes fixed on the blackboard.

"Fourteen when they're all in place," chimed a chorus of well-drilled voices.

"Fourteen when they are all in place," she repeated to herself, and wrote that on the blackboard too.



IS THIS HOWARD'S DOG?

"Name them, Lester, please," she said without turning around.

"The nasal organs—he, he, he!" giggled Lester, unable to go any further in his lesson.

"Why, Lester Winters!" cried the teacher, with a great frown, as she faced him. "What do you see funny about the nasal organs?"

"'Taint that," grasped Lester, "Bonny Prince is sitting on the floor behind the stove."

Then other smothered giggles were heard in the room.

"Bobby Pierce in school!" exclaimed the teacher, dropping her piece of chalk, "And his mother wrote to me this morning, saying that he was ill with the measles."

I had been so interested watching the lesson that I forgot where I was until I heard my name mentioned, then I glanced around a little frightened, and the next thing I knew the teacher was standing over me looking so surprised and angry that I did not know what to do.

"What do you mean, Lester, by saying Bobbie Pierce is in the room when there is nothing here but a strange dog?" she asked in a severe tone.

"Ma'am, I did not say Bobbie Pierce, I said Bonny Prince," faltered Lester, expecting trouble.

"It's the dog's name," somebody else explained.

"Is this Howard's dog?" asked the teacher, beginning to look interested.

"Yes, Miss Ruth, that's my dog; the one papa bought for me in New York," Howard put in, as he and another boy came up the steps with a bright pail of water between them.

I had thought Master Howard was in the school-room all the time, but was a little too timid to seek him out. I would have felt less secure if I had known he was absent. But now that Miss Ruth was beginning to relent, I thought it high time to show her that I was no common dog, nor, as she insinuated, "a stray dog." So I hastily went through a number of tricks, among which was jumping over a chair and passing within a few inches of her head. This performance seemed to alarm her somewhat, for she probably expected me to become more and more reckless and perhaps do some one bodily harm. She appeared, however, very well pleased with my exhibition, and as she patted me on the head, she said something about my being "intelligent," and

how she had heard that I was very "valuable." After I had received the admiration of the whole school, Master Howard put his finger under my collar and proudly marched me out through the



HOWARD CARRYING PAIL OF WATER

door and down the steps and told me to go home, being an obedient dog I did so, but came back directly and enjoyed myself very much in the big woodbox.

CHAPTER IV

A RIVAL

ONE MORNING Master Howard peeped in at my kennel, and I knew from the delighted expression on his face that something unusually pleasant had happened. I sprang up and ran to meet him. As I reached the door he seized me round the neck and poured the good news into my ears:

“Just think, Bonny Prince,” he cried, “we have a new playfellow, the sweetest little thing in the world;” and then he added quickly, “except you, Bonny Prince—of course I do not think there is anything more handsome than you.”

I was glad to hear little master say this, but I had a queer feeling as we trotted along side by side, that whatever this pretty plaything was it would come in for a large share of Howard’s attention; perhaps as time went on I would be neglected altogether. Nevertheless, I tried to be happy because my young master was happy, and to forget my own troubles in watching his laughing lips and sparkling eyes.

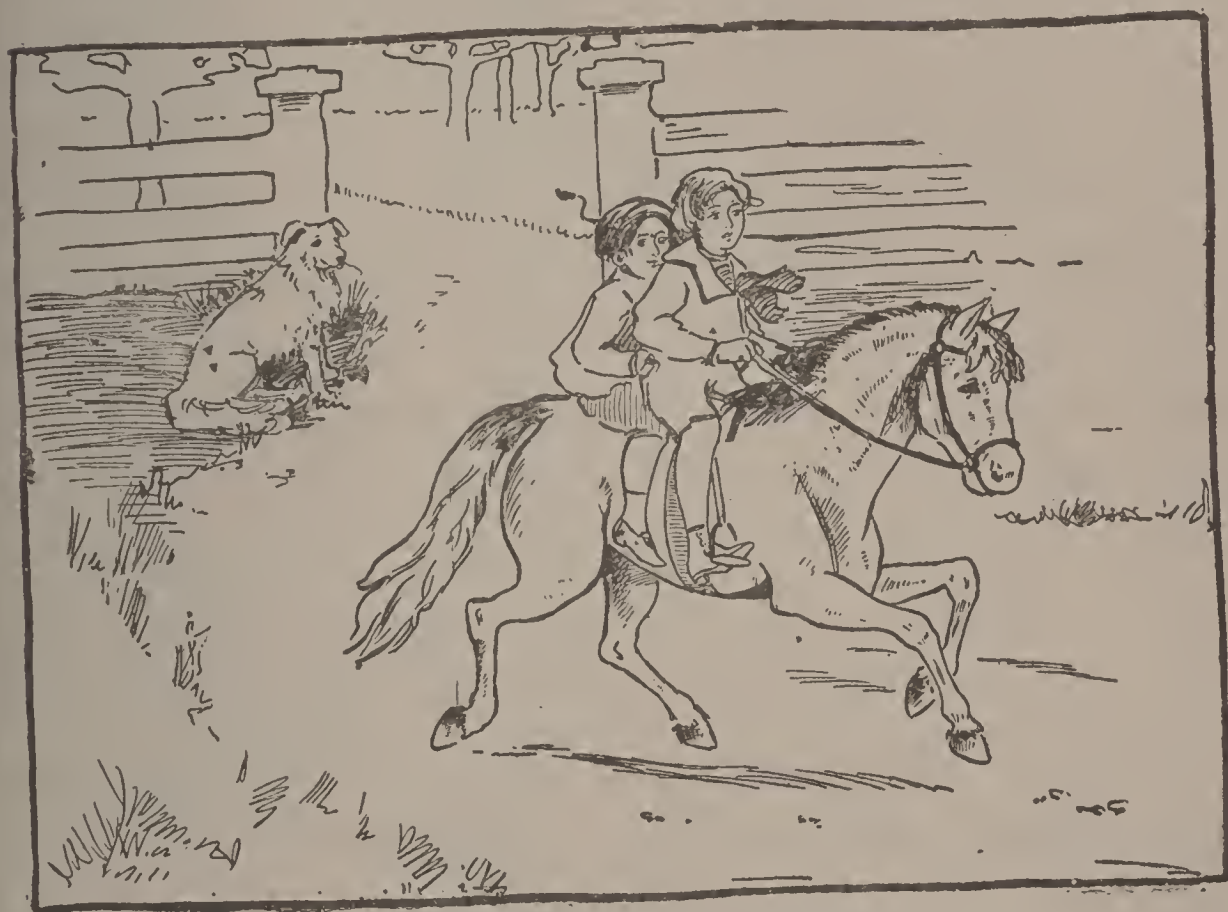
After a short time, we came to the orchard fence, which we scaled, both landing on the ground at once. We hurried over the soft grass and in a moment I stood beside an object which at once filled me with a mixture of admiration and envy. I remained very still, not knowing what to think of this strange, lovely creature, and was just making up my mind to bark when Master Howard put a finger under my collar, and drawing me up closer, said gaily:

“Bonny Prince, this is my pony, Fleetfoot. Fleetfoot, this is my dog, Bonny Prince.”

I backed away from the pony, as I did not wish Master Howard to know that I thought it anything out of the common, but Fleetfoot was a little more polite than I, and pretended to be greatly pleased with my appearance. He followed me and put his head down close to mine, I am very much ashamed to say that at the time I was sorely tempted to snap at the white, velvety nose, thinking that he would not then be so proud of robbing me of little master's notice.

Howard went over to a fence a few yards away to bring a saddle, and while he was gone I looked

closely at the pony as it cropped the moist grass. It had four small, white feet, a long yellow tail and mane, a glossy chestnut coat, and his beauty was completed by a perfect star upon his forehead.



HOWARD AND LEE ON FLEETFOOT

Master Howard had often shown me my profile in a mirror, and I remembered myself now as a collie dog with curly hair of so dark a brown that nearly every one called it black, and with a ring of white about my neck. I had always been admired wher-

ever I went, and all who knew me were aware of the pure Scotch lineage that was mine. And after all, what did it amount to? "I would rather"—here my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of my young master's voice. Looking up, I saw him and another boy of his own size pass within a few feet of me. Never before had Lee Elliot failed to seek me out and pat me on the head. Now he and Howard went at once to the pony, threw the saddle upon his back, and in a moment they were leading him to a flat stump from which to mount and canter off. I chanced to lie flat on the ground a short distance from the stump, and not thinking it necessary to move, remained quite still, nursing my grief. The pony shied as they came near and threw up his head as if much frightened, and then Lee Elliot, the boy who had always petted me, cried out angrily:

"Dog! get out of the way. What are you doing there?"

Yes, what was I doing there or anywhere else, now that little master did not love me any more and allowed strangers to abuse me while he fastened pretty straps upon a pony which he had never seen until a day before? I stood up and was walking

away, I did not know where, when I was stopped by a pair of soft hands and a dear, kind voice, which asked:



IT WAS AUNT LUCY OF COURSE

“Where is Bonny Prince going? Is he afraid of that big pony?”

It was Aunt Lucy, of course, who was always near when one was most miserable and needed a soothing word more than anything else in the world.

She talked to me until I began to feel almost happy again, and later, when Howard's mama came out, we all went over to the road to watch the boys gallop past on Fleetfoot. When they came up to us they stopped and Howard and his friend got off to show the pony and saddle to better advantage. Howard asked where Bonny Prince was, and when I stepped out from behind Aunt Lucy he began to laugh and wonder why I was hiding. Lee Elliot forgot all about having scolded me, and took both my fore paws in his hands and made me sit up straight. The pony seemed to think that this was very clever and came over and breathed in my ear. Then I began to believe that they all meant well, and perhaps, after all, my rival was not so bad.

CHAPTER V

BETTER THAN A FAIRY PRINCE

IT WAS about a week after I first became acquainted with Fleetfoot, that Master Howard went with his papa to visit a family of cousins some miles away.

Very early in the morning the pony was turned out in the shady park to graze and then Howard came and told me all about his intended trip. He expected to have a delightful day in the country, and the only thing he regretted was leaving me behind, but he said that some time we would both go and remain a week and perhaps it would be possible to take Fleetfoot too. Of course I would have liked to accompany my little master, but since he thought it best for me to stay my only thought was to make him believe that I did not mind it at all; so I wagged my tail vigorously and jumping up on the bench beside him I put both my fore paws on his shoulder and threw off his hat with my nose. Now, Howard was dressed in his very best suit and his hat had not been worn before, and any

other boy would probably have scolded me for my violent caresses. But Master Howard only tightened his arms around me and said I was the most unselfish dog in the world. His papa then came out and he, too, wore his finest clothes.

“Are you ready, Howard, my man?” he asked in his pleasant way. And then stooping over me patted my head, saying he would call at the butcher’s coming back. As a parting message he told me to “take good care of mama and Aunt Lucy,” and then he and Howard started off, I following them to the front gate to bid them good-by. When they disappeared I lay down and with a sigh stretched myself on the soft grass.

How I got out of the yard I do not know; I simply found myself in a large meadow, the half of which was covered with snowy sheep. I had not come to harm the peaceful animals, but on the contrary, was there to watch over them. They were very close together with all their heads facing towards a great, rushing river at the foot of the hill. Two men, mounted on white horses, were across the river, but when one raised his arm and called to me I could understand him quite plainly.

“Keep them out of the water, Bonny Prince! Turn them away from the water!”

I sprang to my feet and ran as hard as I could to place myself between the sheep and the river, but it was too late. Something had frightened the sheep and they came tearing down the hill in a bunch. Down, down they all fell into the raging waters; and as they swept round a bend in the river, I could not distinguish their white fleeces from the mass of foam. I bounded forward and landed—in a rose-bush. This awakened me, but my head was all in a muddle. The thorns tangled in my thick hair and pricked my tender flesh.

I was glad to be at home and not accountable for the foolish sheep that had fallen into the river, but I wished that I had not dreamed such a bad dream, causing me to jump into a thorny rosebush. I was slowly working my way out when I heard the gate click faintly and to my surprise saw two men pass me. They both wore black rags tied over their faces and talked in low tones, but all I could hear was, “thousands.”

By the time I succeeded in getting out of the bush they had reached the door and were trying to open

it. Luckily it was locked and they stood back and whispered until I crept up and hid behind some shrubbery a few feet away. After a moment, one of the men knocked very loudly and in a short time the door was opened by Mrs. French, and I



BONNY PRINCE JUMPS INTO A ROSE BUSH

caught a glimpse of Aunt Lucy just as the two strangers sprang into the room, then the door was banged so noisily that the house shook.

It was summer and the windows were open, I lost no time in tearing my way through the screening

and landed in the middle of the room. It was quiet enough there, but in the next apartment was wild confusion. The two men had taken possession of the house and were throwing things about, asking in loud voices where was the "old man's brass," and the "old woman's silver?"

I did not understand their meaning, but my mind was filled with one thought, I ran across the room and the next moment one of the thieves lay struggling on the floor, my sharp teeth fastened in his throat. He tried to shout but could not, so fast did I hold him. He just moaned out what I think must have been words of cursing, for I am sure they were new to me. He gave his head a little twist to one side and managed to gasp, "shoot the wolf."

By this time the other man had reached the outside of the house and fired a shot through the window. Being a coward as well as a rogue, he then fled, leaving his friend at my mercy. After my first excitement was over I did not wish to kill the bad man, so I slowly loosened my grip, but I found that he lay very still, his face had a queer black color. This did not disturb me, I sat up to look for Mrs.

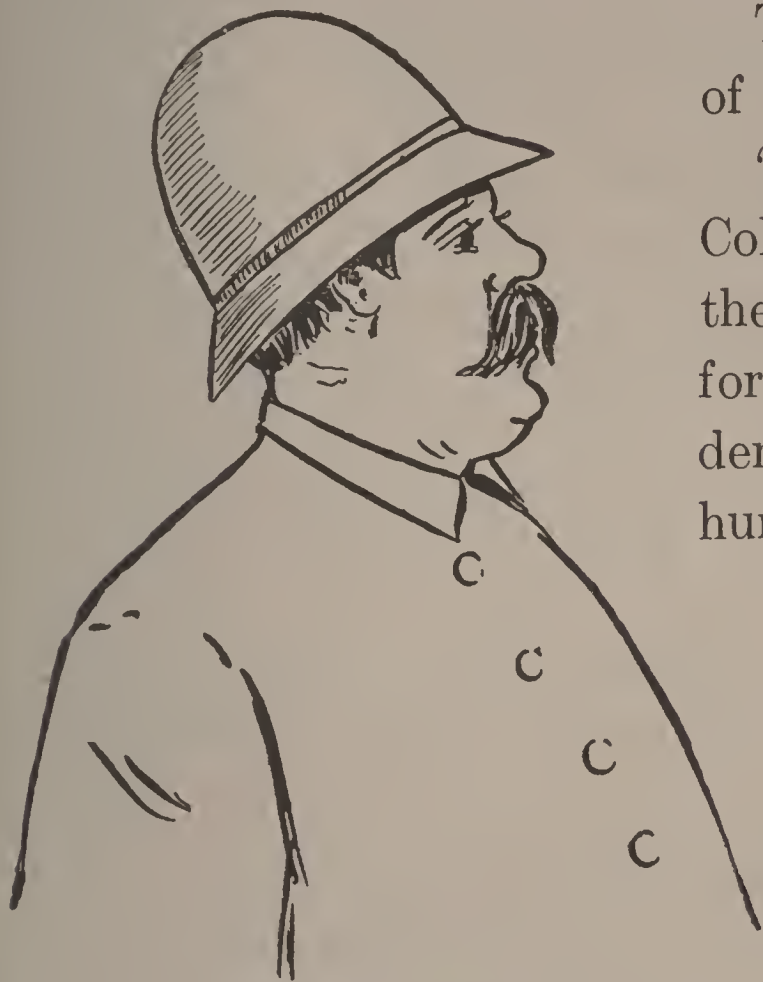
French and Aunt Lucy. Mrs. French was near at hand for she lay across a bed and I was a little worried at seeing her look so pale.



MRS FRENCH

I will always be proud of the way Aunt Lucy acted that day. Instead of fainting as most ladies would have done in her place she went straight to the telephone and called up the police. Then, while the robber was still lying motionless on the floor, and Mrs.

French was sitting in a big chair with Aunt Lucy bending over her, three fat men wearing stars on their coats tramped in without knocking.



THE POLICEMAN

The first thing one of them said was:

“Snakes alive! the Collie’s after finishing the man I’ve been after for ten years! I wonder where will the five hundred dollars’ reward go. Just my rotten luck.”

As the policeman was speaking, the robber moved a little, and I went and lay at his feet,

to be able to watch his face. He drew his heavy boot up very slowly, and then sent it out like a flash. I felt as though I had broken through a thick stone wall and everything on the other side was dark as pitch.

When I came back to life, Master Howard’s arms

were around me and his rosy face was wet with tears. Mrs. French was crying, too, and Mr. French was talking excitedly, which was an unusual thing for him to do. Aunt Lucy laughed all the while and ran her slim fingers through my hair. She said afterwards that the whole family were crazy with gratitude. Howard's papa calmed down presently and told me that he had not forgotten to call at the butcher's. He then brought me out a dish of my favorite meat, cut in nice, thin slices, and while I ate eagerly, they all sat near and smiled upon me.

"A real prince could not have 'fended you any better, could he, Aunt Lucy?" asked Howard after a short pause.

"No, dearie," answered his aunt, solemnly. "Few princes could have been more timely or more brave than our pet." Then she added, with a bright look at little master, "He is even better than a fairy prince."

CHAPTER VI

MISS SIBYL OVERBRIGHT

FOR A little while after I captured the wicked robber, I attracted so much attention that it made me uncomfortable. Wherever I went, people would point at me and say, "There's the dog now. Handsome, isn't he? pure Collie, I believe." One man with long whiskers said that I wasn't a pure Collie at all; I was just "cross." It made me very angry to be spoken of in this manner, for it was he, and not I, that was out of humor. I felt happy and wagged my tail all the time, which was the only way I had of thanking people for their compliments.

After a few days (I think it was nine), everybody seemed to have forgotten all about me and my brave act. I was passed on the street without a second glance, and although I walked very proudly no one gave me more than half the sidewalk. Well, I was young then, but I have since learned that a fellow might capture a whole army of thieves and his name would be forgotten in a few hours. I said

every one overlooked me, but of course I do not include Howard or any of the rest of the family in this list of selfish humanity. Hardly a day passed without little master reminding me of being his "dear hero dog;" and then, to show his apprecia-



"PEOPLE WOULD POINT ME OUT"

tion, he did something that I considered both clever and thoughtful.

On those warm afternoons, I made it a practice to take a nap on a bed of moss under a low-branching tree. It was exceedingly cool there and I was very comfortable. The bed of moss I suppose belonged

to Mrs. French, but as she had often found me there and made no remark, I saw no reason why I should give it up. To be sure, some pretty blossoms at times appeared and I enjoyed them, but usually the plants were pressed too close to the ground to make much show.

At any rate, I awoke one evening after a long refreshing sleep and was surprised to see a slim, yellow chain dangling from behind my ear. I got up and shook myself, thinking I had fallen into my old habit of dreaming, and then I noticed for the first time that my collar had grown quite heavy while I slept. I shook myself again to make sure and was startled to hear a strange laugh close behind me. Looking up, I saw the smiling faces of Master Howard, his papa and mama, Aunt Lucy, and a strange young lady, on the vine-covered porch. I quickly ran up the steps, and as I passed the visitor she put out her hand and stopped me.

“So this is Bonny Prince,” she said, laughing and laying her head on one side. “I saw you over on the flower bed studying botany and I had no idea that you were so pretty.”

“Run in, Howard, for a mirror, and let Bonny

Prince see how handsome he really is," said Mr. French, looking at me proudly.

In a moment Howard returned with a wide, bright glass and held it up before me. The first



"I SAW A BEAUTIFUL GOLD COLLAR"

thing I saw was a beautiful gold collar which fitted snugly about my neck, from it hung the gold chain that had puzzled me when I first awoke and I knew

from the joyous face of Master Howard that it was he who had given me this fine present. Not knowing how to thank him, I licked his hands and looked into his face, then I laid my head close against his knees.

“See, Miss Overbright!” exclaimed Mrs. French, admiringly, “how that dog tries to speak his gratitude for his gold collar.”

“Bless his heart! Is that the first time he knew he wore a collar?” asked the young lady, opening wide her big eyes.

“He had a silver collar,” explained Aunt Lucy, “and Howard changed it while he slept, and now he knows the difference at once.”

“You’ll have to look for a guardian right away, Howard,” Miss Overbright said, turning to little master, “for the collar is very valuable—more so than the Collie, I guess.”

“Money wouldn’t buy that dog,” Mr. French remarked in a decided tone, and as I looked at him gratefully he put out his hand and the next moment his fingers closed over my paw. I then thought it only polite to shake hands with the whole company.

When it came to Miss Overbright's turn, she looked at me with pretended astonishment.

"Dearie, me!" she cried, "hasn't he unnaturally big feet?"

Upon hearing this remark I felt very much ashamed of my feet, and lying down flat I gathered them, out of sight, under me. At this, everybody laughed loudly—that is, all except Master Howard, who said, looking very solemn,

"Miss Sibyl, you must remember Bonny Prince is a large dog."

"Sure enough," she answered, with another merry laugh; "and I am afraid that he has better manners than I. But Lucy knows that I was always rather critical and before I have done with Bonny Prince I want to know if he is really and truly a Scotch Collie."

"I should say so," spoke out Master Howard. "Why, everybody knows that!"

"I believe he is a true Scotchie," returned Mr. French, smiling at Howard's enthusiasm. "At least, I was told so by the old gentleman of whom I bought him when he was only a scrap of a pup. I know he cost me fifty dollars.

“He has such beautiful curly hair. Although I never saw a Collie before, I was under the impression that their hair was short,” remarked Miss Overbright, smoothing my neck as she talked.

“Maybe Bonnie Prince is a freak of nature. He’s a dear, anyhow. Did you notice the inscription on his collar, Sibyl?” asked Aunt Lucy.

Miss Overbright bent over me and read aloud, “Bonny Prince. For courage. May 17, 1892.”

As she finished reading, I was called to supper, and off I bounded with Howard skipping close behind me.

I did not like Miss Sibyl Overbright very much. She seemed to have made up her mind to make fun of me.

CHAPTER VII

MY FIRST MEETING WITH A MOLE

THE HAPPY, short-lived days went by, and Miss Sibyl was with us yet. I knew her very well now and liked her much better than at first, though she still teased me a great deal and had lately called me by no other name than "Scamp." Naturally my feelings were hurt before I became accustomed to it, but Howard told me that it was just a joke and no reflection on my character.

"You see," he explained, "Miss Sibyl thinks that I am too proud of you, and she can't help saying funny things—for it is funny for my noble Prince to be called a 'scamp.'"

At another time my young master gave me some more interesting information.

"Miss Sibyl has always been petted and made much of herself, and I think she's just a little bit jealous of you, Bonny Prince, because you are so wise though you are only a dog. But listen, Bonny Prince, Miss Sibyl's all right, and if you ever get into a pickle, go to her."

Although Howard gave this advice in all seriousness he did not think that I would ever be obliged to follow it.

He was talking to me in this confidential manner when we saw Miss Overbright coming across the lawn with a plate in her hands.

"Well, boys," she said as she came within hearing distance, "here is some prize candy. Five pieces for Howard and three pieces for Scamp; that's short division, isn't it, laddie?"

Howard smiled broadly as he took the plate and politely asked Miss Sibyl to help herself, to which kind invitation she replied that having made the candy she had already done it ample justice.

"I'd have eaten it all, if I were you, it's so good," said Howard, graciously. "You make lots better candy than Aunt Lucy does."

"Ah! I know the cause of this flattery," Miss Sibyl answered gaily. "You want me to compliment the dog, and I must say that he really looks smart enough to kill a mole. I am going to put him to the test."

Saying this she took hold of the little chain which was fastened to my collar and led me across the

yard, Howard walking beside me asking questions as he went.

When we came near the fence, Miss Sibyl halted, and pointing to a row of fresh-looking piles of earth she exclaimed, "Go after him, Scamp!"



"GO AFTER HIM SCAMP"

I did not know what she meant, but thinking that she referred to Fleetfoot, I started off in the direction of the park. Miss Sibyl could hardly call me back, being so amused by my mistake, but

finally she made me understand that the thing to be captured was under the ground.

“Oh, Scamp! Scamp!” she cried, as she pressed my nose close to the soft, crumbly earth, “All this talk will scare the mole away. You are the dumbest dog I ever saw, but if you have any use whatever of your feet, scratch, and scratch hard.”

My feelings were hurt, but I had no time to look for sympathy from Howard, who stood near by with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets and his face full of interest. My feet flew with lightning-like rapidity and a dim picture of a squirrel on a treadmill came before my mental vision as I threw pecks of dirt over my back and into my eyes. All at once something soft and sleek and fat rolled out between my front paws and Miss Overbright gave a little scream and threw up her hands, thereby giving Howard an opportunity to revenge the slighting remarks that had been made concerning my stupidity. Beginning to dance in a circle around the young lady, he sang out,

“You’re it, Miss Sibyl, you’re it. Afraid of a mole? You bet!”

“You young Mohawk!” exclaimed Miss Sibyl,

trying in vain to keep down her laughter. "I am not in the least afraid of a mole, but I was so fascinated watching the dog work as if for his life that I forgot all about the mole."

"Honest now, Miss Sibyl, you thought Bonny Prince couldn't catch a mole."

"I thought it had escaped."

As I had been listening to the conversation of my two friends, I lost track for a little while of the mole itself. Slowly it made its way back to the soft ground and started to go down the hole head foremost but Howard's quick eye took in the situation, and he called to me.

"Finish your job, Bonny Prince, kill him! kill him!

I hated to take the damp, cold thing into my mouth even to please Howard. What was the use, anyhow, after I had dug it out so neatly?

"Kill him!" commanded my master again. Then I remembered having seen Rover, a neighbor's dog, kill a rat, and I thought him very brave and very skillful.

Shutting my eyes, I quickly grabbed what I thought was the mole, but which proved to be only

a thick, short stick. Miss Overbright laughed in a way that jarred on my nerves. However I picked up the real mole which had crawled off to a considerable distance, and shook it with all my might. Again and again I repeated the operation, gaining more skill each time. I was so dizzy that I could scarcely stand when Howard finally put a hand on my collar and said,

“He’s dead as anything, now, Bonny Prince, let him go.”

Little master praised me much for what I had done and even Miss Sibyl remarked that I was wise beyond my years, which was a great deal for her to say.

Aunt Lucy seemed very proud of me when Howard told her that I had not left a whole bone in the mole’s body, but the jolliest thing of all was my dream the next night. I thought that I had slain enough moles to build a mountain, and had killed Rover, the neighbor’s dog, by mistake.

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WORLD

IT WAS nearly the end of the month of August and something of the feeling of early fall was creeping into the air.

I can not attempt to describe the beauty of that time. I can not tell you as a human writer would of the wonderful bursting forth of the flowers in bloom as if they wanted to show all that was most lovely in them before the frost came to take their lives away, nor of the birds which gathered in great armies in the trees nearest the house and sang all day long. Sometimes, while listening to their voices I would become wild with delight and frolic about with the pure joy of living; then a great loneliness would come over me, just as if I had lost some dear friend, you know, that I could never find any more.

The apples in the orchard were ripe, and it was a pleasure to look upon the long rows of trees, bending low under their burdens of ruddy fruit. One day while chasing a rabbit in and out among the trees, I

stopped suddenly upon discovering a number of apples lying about, each covered with holes, as if some foolish person had taken a spoon and scooped out the pretty black seeds. I was trying to think what had caused this, when I heard a gentle whinny near by, and looking up I saw Fleetfoot leaning



BONNY CARRIES APPLES TO FLEETFOOT

over the fence with an eager, hungry expression in his eyes. Knowing his fondness for apples, I guessed at once the meaning of his plaintive calls. For a moment I thought that perhaps he was the destroyer of the fruit, but I was sorry immediately for having thus wronged him, for even if he could

have climbed the high fence (which was simply impossible), it would not be like him to peck great holes in the apples instead of swallowing all in one mouthful as was his habit. Selecting three of the ripest apples that had remained untouched, I carried them one at a time to the fence and dropped them over to the pony, who thanked me as plainly as a wordless creature can thank any one. When I saw his gratitude and keen enjoyment I felt repaid for any trouble I had taken.

Upon my return after my kindness to Fleetfoot, I glanced up into a tree, and down came a big red apple almost hitting me between the two eyes. Hardly had it reached the ground with the dull thud that is customary to falling apples when I heard the soft rush of feet and saw a long, black plume floating in the direction from which the sound had come, a red head appeared in advance of the plume, and the next moment I heard a jarring noise. I took in the situation at a glance; it was the old, black rooster, "Proud Cock," calling all hendom to a feast. And they came, a dozen or more of them, fluttering and cackling with satisfaction. Scarcely had they begun on the first apple when another was

so accommodating as to tumble down in their midst. Of course Proud Cock took all the credit for this one also and nodded and bowed and scratched the earth in a way that was really disgusting. The hens rushed forward chattering their thanks and buried their bills in the luscious fruit.



"THERE WAS A GENERAL SCATTERING"

I could stand no more of this foolishness so I jumped high in the air and when I came down again there was a general scattering. I never saw chickens so badly scared in my life. Proud Cock started to crow, but the attempt ended in a silly little gurgle as he sped over low bushes and high fences.

Miss Sibyl, who stood at the door enjoying the scenery, naturally saw what was going on in the orchard.

“Oh, Howard,” she called to little master who was mending a swing a short distance from the house, “that Crown Prince of yours is killing chickens in the apple-orchard. Now has he not proven himself a scamp?”

Howard skipped across the lawn, and coming near the orchard understood at once my intentions in regard to the chickens. He went back to the house without delay and made known to the family my worth as a care-taker. I was then called to the summer kitchen, and with many fine compliments, none of which were new to me, I was given a dish of cold milk, and a real treat it was, for my recent exertions had tired me.

After that, I guarded the orchard carefully, and whenever the poultry dined on apples it was on state occasions, such, for instance, as on Proud Cock's birthday. One old hen particularly disliked me and no matter where I walked she pretended that I was in some way injuring her brood of little chicks and always made this an excuse to

beat me with her stubby, ill-shaped wings. However, I paid little attention to her attacks, I had the law on my side, and if I did not have order also it was certainly no fault of mine.

CHAPTER IX

GETTING READY

I HAD noticed that for several days Aunt Lucy and Miss Sibyl were busier and more absorbed in themselves than I had ever seen them. They were always in a hurry and seemed to be always carrying something from one room to another. They never stopped to chat with Master Howard or me, but simply called remarks to us as they rushed past. A couple of new servants came to the house and appeared to have no object in life but hanging rugs and carpets on the clothes-line and beating them cruelly with large sticks. Then a man wearing a long beard arrived, and at once took the piano to pieces. Howard and I watched him all the time he was at work. The old fellow said something about a mouse's nest and I scratched the side of the piano to show that I was ready to do my duty by the mice. The tuner, being out of humor, did not like me to interfere, and pushing me roughly aside he said, "Jupiter!" very crossly out of the depths of his whiskers. I was glad when he gathered



THE PIANO TUNER

up his satchel and other belongings to depart. Howard was glad, too, for he ran to the door and opened it, but the old fellow did not bow or say "Thank you;" but just shuffled through and was off.

When he was gone, Aunt Lucy and Miss Sibyl played on the piano, and it sounded delightful. Howard and I left the room in a few minutes, and as we sat on the doorstep he told me the cause of the unusual stir and bustle.

"It's the ball, Bonny Prince, that Aunt Lucy is going to give in honor of Miss Sibyl before she goes away. Oh! but it will be splendid, because they are taking such pains. Do you

know what a ball is, Bonny Prince?"

Much to the surprise of my young master, I bounded away in the direction of the woodshed. My mind was full of lively thoughts. If I had only understood the situation in time, how much trouble and worry I could have saved! Just to think of the whole house being torn up and the piano taken apart in search of a ball, while I had a beautiful one made of rubber put safely away in a tin box. Aunt Lucy wanted to give Miss Sibyl a ball to honor her and I would let her have mine, and then everything would be restored to its old time peace and order.



CARRYING THE BALL TO
AUNT LUCY

Overjoyed with my thoughtfulness, I nosed around among my possessions until I came to the large rubber ball that had been a Christmas gift from Howard's papa, taking it in my mouth I scampered back to my young master, who was still sitting on the doorstep, whistling softly to himself.

"Want to play ball?" he asked, as he saw me approach. I shook my head and hurried on.

"Want to play catch?" he persisted. Again I shook my head, and without further ado I went into the house in search of Aunt Lucy, Howard following, his eyes big with wonder.

I found the ladies in the library, and going up to Aunt Lucy I deposited the ball in one of her hands.

"Why! what's this for?" she asked, looking very much puzzled.

I took hold of her sleeve and led her across the room to Miss Sibyl, who glanced at Aunt Lucy vacantly, and said, "Well, I never!" "What ails Bonny Prince anyhow?" queried Aunt Lucy, turning to Howard with a perplexed smile.

All at once a light dawned on little master who was always quick to understand things. "You see I told him about your ball, and he didn't understand,"

explained the merry lad, laughing and swaying from side to side. I laughed, too, because Howard did, and Aunt Lucy put her arms around me and said that I was the dearest dog in the world.

Miss Sibyl behaved very graciously, for she gave me two pieces of candy, and while she pinched my nose she remarked that I was "very unselfish with my playthings," or something to that effect.

Then Aunt Lucy explained something about the ball, concluding with the information that she was going to give an extra big supper one evening in the near future and invited Howard and me to be present.

As I did not require any more enlightenment, I shook hands with all my friends, and then went out of the room, feeling both foolish and happy.

CHAPTER X

THE BALL

FLEETFOOT had been making himself very useful during the busy days which preceded Aunt Lucy's ball. He was not sent out to the park for a whole week, remaining in the dooryard ready to be saddled and ridden at a moment's notice and when he was once mounted no matter by whom, he was off like a flash. I often thought that if any pony deserved the name of "Fleetfoot" it was surely my little friend. As for myself, I am afraid that I was more ornamental than useful, I was so amazed at the many preparations going on that I made no effort to get out of people's way—much less lend any assistance. Being somewhat downcast at my present worthlessness I was more than delighted on the morning of the great event to hear Master Howard call out in a cheery voice,

"Come on, Bonny Prince, and help me get the flowers."

He was untying Fleetfoot, and while doing so he left his riding whip on the ground near by. I was

feeling unusually merry, catching it up in my teeth I ran down the lane as hard as I could go, with Master Howard on the pony trying to overtake me. I kept ahead of them for a short distance, striking out in the direction where the goldenrod grew, for I



RUNNING AWAY WITH HOWARD'S WHIP

knew that this was Aunt Lucy's favorite flower for decoration. The first clump of weeds that I came to served as a screen to hide me from Howard and into this I jumped with as much force as I could muster. To my delight I found a trickling stream right in the heart of the cool green plants, I laid aside my (?) riding whip and started to drink and the water tasted so good that I forgot to be cautious, hardly had I finished the refreshing draught when I was

suddenly seized upon just as a big bear would catch hold of an innocent lamb.

“Oh, you old thief; to steal my new riding whip!” shouted Howard in my ears, but his eyes danced so merrily that I knew he considered it one of my brightest tricks.

I could not be insulted with impunity, so I barked at Howard as I pushed him down on to the grass and put my front paws on his chest, when he again scrambled to his feet and we both came out into the open, making so much noise that any horse except Fleetfoot would certainly have become frightened and run away.

When Howard got on the pony I sprang up also for I was beginning to get tired and we rode slowly off to the place where the flowers grew. Upon our arrival, little master began to gather great clusters of goldenrod and wild daisies and of course I started in to help him, he turned and caught me at this work.

“Stop, Bonny Prince!” he commanded excitedly, and I quickly spat out the stems that were in my mouth, wondering at the same time at the sharpness of his usually gentle voice.

“Those stems would poison you, pet,” he said

kindly, as he examined my tongue. "And Bonny Prince, if you were poisoned or anything else should separate you from me I would not care to live any

more, and that's all there is about it."

Ah, how fond little master was of me! It was well that neither he nor I could see into the dark future, for then his laugh would not have been so clear and sweet, nor would



HOWARD PICKING GOLDEN ROD

my bark have echoed so cheerily over those green hills that day.

When a sufficient supply of flowers and grasses had been picked, Howard wrapped the stems of a bunch of "Brown-Eyed-Susans" in his handkerchief and gave them to me to carry home.

When we arrived at the house we found that a

number of changes had been made during our short absence which transformed the place into a dream-land of beauty.

The trees which were nicely shaped, grew in long rows, and from each tree hung a colored Chinese lantern, which moved about at every breath of air. The doors and windows were open and I could see one long room with a polished floor and no furniture excepting a piano.

Howard laid his hand on my head and we walked around to the dining-room in which a table was set that one might look at forever and then not grow weary, it was so laden with beautiful glass and silver dishes and flowers.

We delivered our flowers to Aunt Lucy, who was overjoyed with the wealth of blossoms, and gave each of us a piece of cake for our trouble. We met Mrs. French in the doorway and she smiled at us, and taking off Howard's hat she ran her fingers through his damp curls and said:

“How warm you are, precious!”

When we returned to the house I was surprised to see a strange man on the piazza talking to Howard's papa—a stranger to me, but not to my little master,

for he ran directly to the young man with hands outstretched and called in a glad voice, "Uncle Fred! Uncle Fred!"

As the visitor smiled down at the boy I noticed how much like Howard's father he looked, only much younger, for Mr. French seemed to have grown old in the last few weeks, during which I had seen him but seldom. Three months ago his hair had been quite dark, but now so many white threads were sprinkled through it that it gave his pale face a very tired and worn look. At present, however, he appeared bright and cheerful—for the reason, I suppose, that his brother was admiring Howard's muscular arms and generally healthy appearance. Mr. French was as proud of little master as the latter was of me. After a few minutes' conversation with Howard, Uncle Fred turned to me and patted me on the neck. "And so this is Bonny Prince," he said, "that great dog that you told me so much about in your letters. Well, he is a beauty, and no mistake."

"And clever, too, Uncle Fred," chimed in Howard. "I know you never met a more intelligent dog in all you travels."

"Let's see," said Uncle Fred, laughing, "can he

jump over a cane?" He held out a gold-headed cane and I jumped over it with the greatest ease.

"Good!" he exclaimed with all the enthusiasm of a boy. "What else does Bonny Prince know?"

"Everything," cried Master Howard, clapping his hands.

"Then I'll retire," said Uncle Fred, "before he finds out how ignorant I am."

"Don't mind, Uncle," said Howard mischievously, "Bonny Prince is used to foolish people."

Mr. French, who had been watching and listening in silence, smiled as he drew out his watch and looked at it. Little master took this as a sign of his father's departure, and going over to him he leaned against his chair.

"You don't have to go to your office any more to-day, do you papa? Stay for Aunt Lucy's ball," he pleaded.

"Business can not wait, my son," replied Mr. French, but I need not go down until after dinner." Then after a moment he added, "And I don't know when I will be back."

Uncle Fred had taken a seat and was looking very sober.

"See here, Tom," he said in a low voice, "Smash or no smash, I think you had better try and save yourself." I thought this very strange talk just then, but in less than a week I had reason to know exactly what it meant.

Aunt Lucy's guests came at the appointed hour, and as carriage after carriage arrived, Howard and I became more and more excited. Twice I forgot myself and barked at a group of people whom I did not like because they trod on various parts of my body. On both occasions little master put his hands over my mouth and called me a "rude Prince." Servants hurried to and fro, glasses clinked and lights beamed on every side, I actually trembled with the strangeness of it all. Presently the cook came out and invited Howard into the house.

"Oh, thank you," said little master hurriedly, "but if you will send us a snack of something good out here, Bonny Prince and I will get along finely."

Two ladies standing in a doorway overheard this request, and one remarked to the other, "What an odd little boy! Is he Mr. French's son?"

The second lady said "yes," and then in a lower tone, "Lonely little fellow, I'm afraid."

We had an excellent supper of everything we liked best, and while we enjoyed it there came sounds from within of the most glorious music that one can imagine. It seemed to fill the whole world with harmony, when it ceased a voice rose up in song. It was a fine voice, soft and clear, it affected me very strangely, had I been given to tears I would surely have shed some, for I was quite overcome with emotion. Howard's fingers stole into my long hair and drawing my head over to him he told me that it was Uncle Fred who was singing, he also informed me that his talented uncle had studied music in several countries across the ocean.

"But what does it all amount to, Bonny Prince?" concluded my wise little master. "You and I have not traveled anywhere and we are just as happy as if we had gone the world over."

I turned and licked his hand to let him know that I thought it mattered little where we lived or roamed since he and I were together.

CHAPTER XI

“GOOD-BYE, BONNY PRINCE”

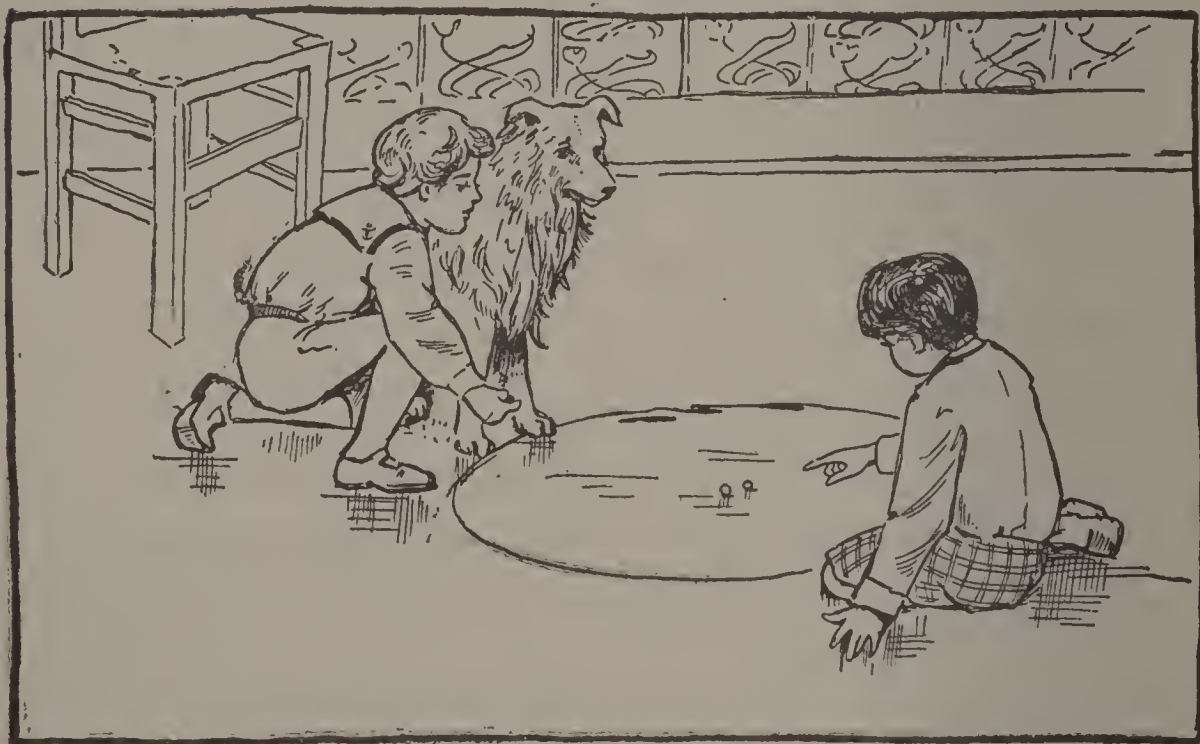
FROM LIGHT into darkness it seemed to be, for the morning after Aunt Lucy's ball a heavy mist had taken the place of the ideal weather of the previous day. The air was close and sultry and a peculiar gloominess had settled over everything.

To make matters worse, no one was stirring about the house, even restless little Howard appeared to have overslept. The unusual stillness gave me an uneasy feeling, and to relieve this I went down to the park to seek comfort from Fleetfoot whom I found grazing in one corner. On my way there I came across my old enemy the hen with the numerous chickens that were always getting in my path, I shut my eyes and purposely ran through them, and in an instant mother biddy was clinging to my back. In my fright I forgot to open my eyes and rushed into a plank fence which made me see stars. When the confusion was over and the loving hen mother returned to her family, I approached Fleetfoot and led him home. Arriving there I found Howard

leaning over the gate waiting for me, and as it happened that the pony was just what he wanted he nearly choked me in the fullness of his gratitude, at the same time calling me "a mind-reading dog." I did not know exactly what kind of a dog this was, but was quite confident that it meant something more than ordinarily good. Having saddled Fleet-foot Howard was but a short time mounting and I, not caring to ride, trotted beside him up and down the lane for half an hour.

After breakfast we went to visit Lester Winters. Early in the forenoon it began to rain quite heavily, so we stayed in the house and played games and a jolly time we had, too. Lester's mama, who was a nice lady, fried some cakes and made tea. I had a cup of tea with the rest of the people, but I drank mine out of a wooden saucer. When the boys played marbles I would chase the cunning glass balls and knock them clear across the floor with my paws. Of course I spoiled the game but I suppose I looked comical for Howard and Lester laughed very heartily. Pretty soon Lester's mama brought a handsome, woolly rug and, placing it in one corner of the room, said, "Here, Bonny Prince,

lie down and rest on this nice, soft bed." I obeyed her and remained a long time silently watching the fun, but at length a big colored marble rolled past me and I jumped up and went after it. When Howard had taken the marble from between my



PLAYING MARBLES WITH LESTER AND HOWARD

paws, I returned to my rug and lay down heavily. All at once there was a great sound of spitting and growling and I discovered that I had sat upon a large, yellow cat. The boys screamed with merriment and I was so frightened that I thought the cat was growing bigger every minute as it stood

there and faced me. I went to the farther side of the rug and dropped down softly for I did not think it worth while to enter into a fight, but I felt just then thoroughly convinced that cats are much too plentiful.

Some time in the afternoon we started for home and it was not until we arrived there that the loneliness which I had felt in the early part of the day returned to me. The weather had cleared up, but the branches of the trees were dripping still from the morning rain, the air was cool and everything was so unusually noiseless that I was almost afraid to step across the gravelled walk, lest I should awaken some one or something. Howard noticed it too for he said as he tiptoed up to a window and looked in,

“I wonder if the folks are at home,” and then, as he strained his eyes against the pane, “I see mama—but, Bonny Prince, you can’t come in unless you change your muddy shoes.”

That night my sleep was troubled and broken. I heard an owl hoot in a tree near by and I jumped up trembling with fear, then for a little while I slept and I was again a tiny puppy on Howard’s

lap, he was pouring his childish troubles into my ears and rocked me in his little chair, calling me, "Dear puppy Prince." Suddenly a great wall sprang up, the sides were smooth and high and Howard was leaning over the top, his face drawn as if in pain. I whined and put up my paws, I was wild to reach him, but little master spoke in a voice that was strange and new to me,

"Don't try it, pet. Good-bye, Bonny Prince." I sprang up with a moan and found myself alone in the dark, everything was peaceful and still except for the call of the katydids in the low bushes at my side. How relieved I was to find that my tormenting experience was nothing but a dream after all! Yet when the moon came out from behind a cloud, my nerves were so unstrung I could not help sitting down and howling with all my might, and this I kept up until a window opened in the upper part of the house, and a man's voice called out harshly:

"Down! Let hup there, you, or I'll fill yer bloomin' hide full of shot." The window with a fierce bang was shut and the remainder of my night was filled with a succession of bad dreams.

The next morning my breakfast was brought to me

by the cook instead of by Master Howard, she pushed the dish in front of me and walked off without a word, leaving me to stare after her wondering at the strangeness of things. Although my favorite foods were before me I had no appetite and did not attempt to touch a morsel.

A little later I heard the front door open and to my joy Howard came out. I sprang forward to meet him but stopped suddenly when I caught sight of his face. Was it a dream after all, this sorrow of last night? A pale, tear-stained mournful little face was what I saw as Howard advanced without a motion of endearment or a word of greeting. I rushed to his side and laid my head against his hand then looking up into his eyes I tried to say, "Oh, Howard, why don't you speak to me?" He sat down on the grass and drew me close to him burying his fingers in my long hair, and laying his cheek upon my silken ears. After a minute he whispered: "Bonny Prince, can you understand?"

Could I understand? Little master, of what were you thinking? Had we not been like human companions all my life, I doing your bidding in everything, even anticipating your wishes from the look

of your face, and now you ask me if I could understand! Perhaps Howard knew how unreasonable his question was, for he went on to explain, still whispering, as if fearful of his own voice:

“Papa says that as you are only a dog you can not understand things and haven’t any feelings, that you were not created to have any. He says that I should have remembered that you are only a dog and not treated you like a brother.” Here Howard ceased speaking, and lying flat on the grass began to sob. I drew near to comfort him, but he pushed me gently back. Presently he sat up and said:

“You keep still, Bonny Prince, and I’ll tell you all about it. Papa has lost all his money and we are going to move away, and we can not take you with us, but in a year we are to come for you. This is the same as saying that I will never see you again, for I know something will happen and I have lost my best friend.”

The thought was too much for Howard, who laid his head down on his arm, overcome with the misery of it all. We were both aroused by the voice of Mr. French, who had come up so softly that we had not observed his approach:

“Howard, my son,” he said, “You will not make this any harder for me to bear. Get up and bid your dog good-bye and be a brave lad, remembering that after all a year is but a short time and I know that neither you nor Bonny Prince will be any the worse for the brief separation.”

“But we will be so lonely, papa,” remarked Howard, sadly.

“Yes, for a little while” answered his father, “but Bonny Prince will have a good master and you may learn to forget him when we get settled in our new home.”

“Forget Bonny Prince!” cried my little master, with flashing eyes. “I shall never forget him as long as I live.”

If I was faithful to Howard, he in his turn was not false to me. But just now I was thinking of Mr. French. How patient and forbearing he was to stand there reasoning with his little son about a dog while from within his beautiful home came the sound of hammers at work and the moving about of heavy pieces of furniture. Howard was only a child and he did not know that there was anything worse in this world than the loss of a loving, brown-

eyed dog, but I felt with a dumb creature's instinct which I can not describe how much greater was his father's trouble; wishing to show the kind-hearted man that I was satisfied with any plans he made I went to him and licking his hand looked up into his face.

He stooped and patted me on the head, saying: "This is a changeable world, poor lad."

And as his eyes filled with tears I knew that he was thinking of the day when he first brought me home and of the happiness and peace he then enjoyed. The gate clicked and a tall, thin man wearing a hard hat, came into the yard. I had never seen any one who looked like him and I shall always remember his long nose, his gold eye-glasses, and his face, devoid of life and expression.

"Mr. Carmington," said Howard's father, "You have come in good time. My boy and I have just been talking about the dog, and we are satisfied that you should take care of him for us until we are ready to call for him."

The stranger glanced at me and then at Howard with a careless smile.

"I see you are a sensible boy, Master French,"



"GOOD-BYE BONNY PRINCE"

he said, "the dog will be finely treated," and then as if to reassure Howard, he added, "I will feed him well."

What more could a dog wish than to be well fed?

He took a long strap out of his pocket and made a motion as if to remove my collar, Mr. French seeing this turned to my little master and asked:

"Do you wish Bonny Prince to keep the collar, Howard?"

"It belongs to him," returned Master Howard, swallowing hard.

"We have talked this matter over before, Mr. Carmington, and everything will be just as arranged. And now," continued Mr. French, bending over me and taking one of my paws in his hand, "be a good, obedient dog and it will not be very long until we meet again."

By this time Mr. Carmington had fastened the strap to my collar and was ready to lead me away. He hesitated a moment however and glanced at Howard, who came over and laid his hand lingeringly upon my head, then turning his face away, he said, in a broken voice:

"Good-bye, Bonny Prince, good-bye."

CHAPTER XII

HEARTACHE

MR. CARMINGTON was not a cruel man, on the contrary he was really as kind as he knew how to be. True to his promise, he gave me plenty of good things to eat and provided me with the best of quarters, what could be more comfortable than to be allowed to sleep every night on a warm, long-haired rug in a richly furnished library? But he was cold in his manner and indifferent to me at all times; if I had not been so accustomed to being petted I would, probably, have been satisfied with my new home, as it was I was utterly desolate, my name was spoken so seldom that I might have forgotten it altogether had it not been associated with the memory of Master Howard.

The first days after the parting I could not eat, but would lie very still for hours thinking of the past. Once Mr. Carmington noticed that I did not eat, and supposing that my sight was failing he pushed my dish towards me with his foot, but it was no use, everything had become distasteful to me and it was

many weeks before my grief lessened or I felt in the least reconciled to my new life.

Each morning I went with Mr. Carmington to his place of business, which proved to be a large banking house where day after day I heard the jingling of gold and silver coin and all the talk was of "money, money, money," the very name of which I hated because it was the root of all the evil that had come to me.

Although I walked down town by Mr. Carmington's side every day, and lay for hours at a time near his desk, we were no better friends than on the day when he came in through the little white gate and took me away from my master, but I could not blame this busy man of the world for lack of sympathy and dearth of kindly words, perhaps even if he had spoken to me and tried to take my little master's place it would not have made much difference, for my thoughts were with Howard and the rest of the family.

Over and over again I asked myself why Mrs. French and Aunt Lucy had not come to bid me good-bye. Was it because they did not care? Or did they perhaps care too much? And what had



BONNY PRINCE SEES FLEETFOOT FOR THE LAST TIME

become of Fleetfoot? Had Howard kept the pony and sent me away? The old jealousy came back and grew upon me, and I tormented myself with the thought that after all I was not the favorite one. One day as we were leaving the bank I heard the sharp beat of firm hoofs and a hatless golden-haired girl rode past on a beautiful pony, which I recognized at once. Jumping into the street I gave a bark of excitement just as pony and rider disappeared round a corner. I had seen little Fleetfoot for the last time.

CHAPTER XIII

A SUDDEN CHANGE

WINTER CAME with its short cold days and frosty nights, robbing the trees of their wealth of bright leaves, and the flower gardens of their splendor. This however, gave me little concern for I no longer expected anything beautiful in this changeable, sad old world. Mr. Carmington did not appear to mind either, for he never took the trouble to glance about him. Perhaps his head was too full of money matters, I am almost sure that he would never have known that it was winter if the bitterness of the weather had not obliged him to don an overcoat. We went out every morning and came back every evening, "just like clock work," somebody said, but as the season progressed it was darker each night when we arrived home.

As Mr. Carmington was so indifferent to me, I wondered at his making me such a close companion, at first I thought he was taking care of me, but as this was quite unnecessary it gradually dawned upon me that I was taking care of him, for as my

interest in passing events began to revive I discovered that he carried money in his pockets as well as his head. I do not know why he did this. Perhaps he wished to count it over in his room. One thing I am certain of, he did not wish it to pass into other hands.

The winter holidays had come and gone and it was the beginning of February, Mr. Carmington was more wrapt up in his business than ever and I was still his silent body-guard. We always came home in the dark, but as we knew the way so well we needed no torch to light our way even after we passed electric lights.

One pitch-black night, Mr. Carmington and I were walking up a steep little hill, having just left the busy crowd in the heart of the city. I remember well what a still night it was and how distinctly Mr. Carmington's new shoes squeaked as he made his way leisurely up the narrow side-walk, I trotted along beside him, making no sound as I went for my feet though not small were well padded. I do not know exactly how it happened, but just as we were making a turn, I felt something like a jerk and a pair of hands closed firmly about my neck

almost shutting off my breath. I had time for but one thought, that perhaps Mr. Carmington was attacked by robbers or imagined that he was and had appealed to me for help. But in this I was wrong, for Mr. Carmington's steps had not slackened. I could hear his shoes squeaking along the sidewalk, they seemed hundreds of miles away, the fingers were still around my throat and some soft thing was pressed close against my nose and mouth, my head began to grow heavy and I felt as if I was slipping, slipping, slowly but surely into a great dark pit. Worst of all, I was unable to move or make a sound.

CHAPTER XIV

GYPSEY LIFE

WHEN I came to myself I was stunned and bewildered, I got up and looked about me, but the quick, clear understanding I had always had deserted me now, I could find no meaning in what I saw; the rough bare floor, the rusty stove, the dirty, white walls made of cloth that moved constantly; I discovered that the miserable little house itself was lurching and rattling forward, and looking towards the front I caught sight of the sharp, narrow backs of two horses. What did it all mean? There was a man humped over on a high wagon-seat and a wretched looking woman sitting on a stool, a brown baby close to me was fast asleep, and a boy who appeared sickly peeped out through an opening in the side of this queer, moving house. No one noticed me when I stood up nor did they glance in my direction when I threw myself against the floor with a heartbroken sigh. It dawned upon me what company I was now in and what sort of life was ahead of me, for I had seen this kind of humanity

once before and Howard had told me they were gypsies. I remembered having thought the life of a tramp-dog enviable compared with that of this wandering tribe.

My head swam, and my neck, from which the gold collar had been roughly taken, ached terribly, I felt weak and thirsty from lack of food and water and I longed to make my wants known, but had I been able to do so it is very doubtful if they would have been satisfied.

Pretty soon the brown baby awoke, and rubbing his eyes slipped off the old trunk on which he had lain and toddled joyfully towards me, I sat up and gave a fierce growl and the little thing ran away, screaming. I was always sorry afterward for having growled, I would never have done it but for the pain and misery which I felt, and of which these people were the cause. The woman, who seemed to have been in a trance, became now wide awake and taking the child upon her knee soothed him gently, the man, who was an ugly fellow, turned and glanced at me savagely and the boy gave me an equally fierce look. Nothing was said for some time, then the woman remarked in an unpleasant tone:

“Why did you bother to bring the dog here when the collar was all you wanted?”

“Much you know about such things. I can sell the dog easily enough!” And as the driver wheeled about the look he had given me was loving compared with the one he bestowed on his interfering partner.

“Pa,” said the boy, who was again observing the outside scenery, “there’s a farmhouse.”

“About time,” returned his gentle father. “I wonder if granddame is not coming.”

“Granddame is resting,” answered the woman in a shrill voice. “You would kill the old creature if it was left to you, and she is nigh onto ninety years.”

“She won’t die while she is making such a good salary,” was the ill-natured rejoinder. The woman started to speak again but ceased, the horses having come to a sudden standstill in front of a cozy farm dwelling.

“Well,” said the man, sarcastically, “Ain’t you goin’ to get out, or do you want help?”

“I think you might go for once,” replied the woman in a whining voice, “I can’t go up there with this strange dog.” She went however, and

brought me with her for the purpose of offering me for sale, I sincerely hoped that she would succeed in closing a bargain for I felt that I could not possibly fare worse than at present.



TRYING TO SELL BONNY PRINCE

The matron who opened the door to the gypsy's timid knock looked out, wide-eyed and almost frightened at the spectacle that confronted her.

"Oh, fair lady!" cried the gypsy, in a soft voice quite new to me, "your sweet face tells me that you can give me help. I have a sick little boy outside who has had nothing to eat for two days and if you out of the abund-

ance of your wealth, can spare me some food I shall pray that you may never know what it is to be without a home."

Now the face of the mistress of the house was not fair, and was sweet only so far as it showed that its owner had a large and loving heart. I do not think she was moved by vanity, it is just a woman's way to be touched by a story of a sick little boy and a family of houseless heads. Whatever may have been her reason, the good woman closed the door and disappeared, returning shortly with a bundle whose weight caused the gypsy's swarthy countenance to brighten. I feared that in her delight she would forget to sell me for I had become very anxious in the last few moments to be part of this kind woman's household, but after many thanks and highly colored compliments the gypsy turned to me and keeping her eyes fastened on mine said in a broken voice:

"Oh, generous lady, it hurts my heart to speak of it, but I must sell this dog. He was my father's dog and I would keep him always but for my poverty. He never was away from me, but if your gentle hand—"

"Oh, la!" exclaimed the housewife, finding her voice for the first time and speaking in some alarm,

“we have too many dogs already, Seth has two and Jim has—”

“I shall now go, so farewell,” interrupted the gypsy feeling that her mission was at an end. “Come,” she commanded and I followed her. Just as we rounded the corner of the house, four dogs, of different sizes and colors sprang out yelping and barking and making a horrible din; I had never had a fight in my life but now I was nervous and almost mad with hunger and thirst and felt fiercely eager to revenge myself on something. In a moment the barks had turned to howls, and three of the dogs went limping off, the fourth stood his ground for a little while and I worried him to my heart’s content, the other three came back, stopped at a safe distance and began to bark again, the lady of the house screamed, the gypsy screamed and stamped her foot. When the noise subsided, and I followed my leader meekly back to the covered wagon, the driver was leaning against a hitching rack adjoining the road fence.

“Thunder and blazes!” he exclaimed as we came up, “depend on wimmens and dogs to make a racket, wimmens and dogs.”

“Here,” snapped the gypsy woman, as she handed him the parcel, “I made no racket.”

CHAPTER XV

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS

DURING THE first few months of my life with the gypsies we did little but travel and tell fortunes. Of course I had nothing to do with the black arts myself, such accomplishments belonged entirely to "Granddame," who, I judged from all appearances, excelled in her calling. For a little while I was an attentive listener to the old woman's warnings and prophecies, but after a time it all grew very tiresome to me, and I could no longer believe in "Great happiness to come," "Much riches in the future," or "A letter that will make everything all right." To one and all, "Granddame" carried the same glad story of riches and happiness and letters. The company of which I had been made an unwilling member was arranged in four divisions, each consisting of a raw-boned team, a covered wagon and, of course, some of the tribe, ranging in number from two to six.

After about four days of hopeless misery and hunger which I spent in the first wagon, I was

transferred to another, and here I fared better for I now made the acquaintance of some younger people whose temper had not as yet been spoiled by friction with earth's rough places. Here, too, I met "Granddame" for the first time and I wish that you could have seen her as I saw her then. She was older than I had any idea a mortal could be and still be able to move about like other people. She usually dressed in bright red and always kept a long crooked stick by her side, but I have reason to know it was not so much to assist her in walking as to maintain respect for herself and order in the house. Though not rapid in her movements she never failed to quickly reach and punish those who caused her displeasure, consequently she was seldom overlooked and was treated with kindness and attention while going about. She was constantly addressed as "dear Granddame," and I believe that through fear of this gaunt old creature there was nearly always peace if not plenty in the rattling wagon which for the time being was the only home I had.

The idea of selling me or of even offering me as a gift had been early abandoned, for in the course

of our pilgrimage whenever my disposal was suggested there invariably arose ill feelings and bitter conversation between the gypsies and the householders, as the supply of dogs seemed far greater than the demand. In consequence of this sad state of affairs my kidnappers were compelled to endure my presence for a time at least, but as I continued to prove an unprofitable investment, being neither ornamental nor useful, my food gradually decreased in quantity, and in quality also, if that were possible. I had even reason to believe that plans were being made to take my life, when by a happy chance I came across a half-frozen rabbit one day while I coursed along beside the rear wagon.

Having killed the unfortunate animal I was preparing to satisfy my own hunger, which by this time had become almost intolerable. Eager as I was, Fate, in the garb of a gypsy, came between me and my promising dinner, and left me staring blankly after his retreating form as he strolled along swinging the rabbit backward and forward. Managing as best I could my full heart and empty stomach I started briskly across the field, hoping to find something, if only a bare bone, on which I

might make the semblance of a meal. Presently my bravery was rewarded by the sight of another rabbit much livelier than the first, but still offering a great deal of encouragement to a fast runner, which I now was on account of the length and leanness of my figure. After an exciting chase the rabbit came into my possession, and as there was no one near to dispute my rights I dined in royal style.

This little incident was the beginning of a long course of bad behavior not so wicked in itself as what it afterwards led to. Looking back, I can scarcely believe that a dog brought up as I had been could so easily be led astray. Once started, my whole time was given to hunting. From rabbits I went to quail, from quail to the farmers' chickens and then nothing less than proud red-headed turkeys would fully satisfy my depraved nature. As I grew to be an expert thief I gained favor daily with the gypsies and in time I became a respected member of the company. On our journey through the country we naturally came upon many flocks of poultry, as soon as I saw them I raced into their midst and they fell before me as they would in the path of a sickle.

So the days and months went by without improvement in my morals, and at the end of two years I was a "scamp" in every sense of the word.

CHAPTER XVI

THE GYPSIES' WARNING

A LITTLE before noon one warm summer's day, the whole gypsy company, myself included, drew up in front of a broken-down gate which opened into a large tract of timber. A few trees had been cut down, those remaining were thick and straight, with long, far-reaching branches, the soft ground was covered with green grass, and across the road stood a little red school-house. A few feet from the scarred weather-beaten doors was a new-looking pump with a bright tin cup, suspended from the top by a piece of wire.

The jaded travelers drew rein upon coming near the group of inviting trees and waving grass, but they hesitated some time, knowing as they did the punishment that is apt to befall trespassers.

After consulting among themselves for some minutes, seeming to be at a loss what to do, a member of the gang chanced to notice the pump, and their indecision was at once at an end. Jumping down from the wagons the men soon had the horses un-

hitched and were leading them across the school-yard. Besides those in harness there were several other horses traveling behind the wagons and serving only as articles for trade. Although they did no work they were given the greater part of the stolen feed in order that they might present a better appearance, but, as is often the case, they did not thrive on ill-gotten gains, and were generally more bony, if that were possible, than the unfortunate beasts of burden.

Upon reaching the well, one of the men seized the pump-handle, expecting a flow of water, but the handle wriggled limply and no precious drop appeared. A wave of disappointment passed over the faces of the waiting assembly, for one and all understood that the pump had "lost its prime."

What was now to be done? The man who first made the heart-breaking discovery expressed his displeasure in several vulgar sentences, which a couple of years before would have caused me to yelp with moral pain, but this tenderness of conscience was beginning to be a thing of the past, so I merely lolled out my cracked tongue and looked helplessly about. Then in a fit of rashness I went over and



AT THE PUMP

licked the platform and the side of the pump, and by this simple act intensified the atmosphere of passion that surrounded me. I was given a kick in the ribs by way of consolation. So you see I was more to be pitied than anyone there, for I was not only hungry and thirsty, but had also an extremely sore side.

I have heard that there is seldom a trouble in this world without some remedy, and in the gypsies' case this was true enough. One of the women remembered a jug of hard cider which sat under a wagon seat, and she ran to fetch it. A murmur of disapproval met her as she emerged with the heavy jug under her arm, for to many of the crew, although bread might be a staff of life, strong drink was life itself. One man, a kind of captain, took the jug from the waiting woman's hands and emptied nearly the whole of its contents into the pump, soon the water came rushing forth, murky at first, but before long falling clear as crystal into the buckets eagerly pressed forward to receive it.

The lank, perspiring horses strained after the cool liquid, and in spite of my own aches and pain it did me a world of good to see them bury their noses

deep in the well-filled pails. Presently, I drew near a gentle old creature which had become quite a friend of mine, and we took turns at drinking, he laying his head against my back while I lapped and lapped, scarcely knowing when to stop.

When we again reached the road, a flaring red piece of card-board pasted on the school-yard fence drew the attention of a number of the tribe, and spelling out what it announced they entered into an excited discussion.

“Old Salem Chautauqua at Pittsburg, August 6 to 26.”

“That’s now,” came from several at once, and then the leader exclaimed, “The whole country’s in camp somewhere! If we ever make hay this is the season. You take it in, boys?”

They evidently understood, for their faces brightened as if by magic. One and all glanced across the fields in search of houses, but none were in view. Then their eyes scanned a narrow, smokeless chimney looming up in the distance, at the back of the timber.

A member of the company, darker than the rest and more silent, turned to me and whistled, and I

knew that he meant me to follow him. We climbed over the leaning gate and made off through the woods. I saw at once we were on a road which had been traveled but a few times and then abandoned, for the wagon tracks were hardly visible through the growing grass.

It was a long journey and I was getting very tired when we finally walked up to the side-fence of one of the finest gardens I had ever seen. Its chief stock was vegetables, but as I do not care for these, I was not nearly so interested in them as was my companion. For the first time I noticed that he carried a large, coarse sack, and unfolding this he looked carefully around, then sprang lightly over the low fence.

Looking cautiously in every direction, I soon made sure that there was no one about the yard or fields, nor within the big house where the blinds were drawn closely down. Chickens, turkeys, and geese gathered insects out of the tall grass, so occupied with their pleasant task that they were silent, save when at intervals they gave chirrups and exclamations of satisfaction in their various languages. I knew that in a short time I would be

called upon to disturb their tranquillity and for a moment I felt a qualm of conscience at the thought.

While turning these things over in my mind I was startled by the reappearance of the stocky gypsy, who, having filled his sack with vegetables, staggered over a low place in the fence, landing almost on top of me.

"Come," he said as he regained his proper balance, and without any hesitation I went. To my surprise he did not direct my attention to the poultry, but instead, started off in the direction of the large, red barn. Arriving there he tried the doors, and finding them locked he produced something out of his pocket and after a moment's hammering the hinges flew back, revealing well-filled bins of grain.

The gypsy, who seemed to possess great talent in concealing sacks until the right time, drew one out of somewhere, and filled it generously. This done, he arranged the doors as he had found them, and mumbling a command to me, made his way to where the poultry continued their picnic, in blissful ignorance of the fate which awaited them.

As I have before referred to my accomplishments as a hunter, it is needless to say that my part in the

work of crime was soon done, and a third sack made its appearance, into whose depths a number of headless birds found their way.

I was beginning to wonder how this one man was going to manage such a heavy burden when I heard a long, low whistle and understood that help was coming. Sure enough it was not far away, and the next minute a white horse ridden by the captain of the tribe came out of the woods and the three sacks were soon on their way to the camp.

All the tents had been put up during our absence, and "Granddame" had a special one in which to tell fortunes. A sign to that effect placed boldly on the outside was done in red lettering to attract the attention of the public.

A few days afterward a crowd of gay, young people came from the city a couple of miles away to learn what the future held in store for them. From that day there were visitors at the camp almost constantly, and as long as our stay lasted old "Granddame" reaped a rich harvest.

Such prosperity and comfort were not to continue, however, and one day, after two weeks of luxury,

something happened which disturbed the even tenor of our way.

The whole company were eating dinner and I was sitting near by patiently waiting for the bones and crusts. Every one was bright and merry, and no one would have recognized in them the sullen faces of a month before. All at once someone gave a low cry of alarm and instantly the entire band was standing and a few of the men made off to where the horses were hitched. I jumped up too, but did not know the cause of the confusion until a large and burly farmer with a shotgun in his hands stood among us.

“Clear out!” he cried in a loud voice. “I’ll give you just fifteen minutes to be gone out of here. If you are not gone then I’ll”— The farmer suddenly stopped speaking. Words seemed too feeble to express his feelings.

The gypsies readily took in the situation, and preparations for departure were made so hastily that my head swam as I watched them.

The strange man stood with the gun in one hand and his watch in the other, and waited. In what seemed to be only a few seconds the entire company, with its belongings, was on the road, ready to

start. Then, as I had not moved since the first interruption, they whistled for me.

"I'll keep the dog," the farmer announced in a



A NEW LIFE OPENING FOR BONNY PRINCE

high key. "It's the only thing worth keeping, and it's little enough for all you've stolen from me, you villains! Two more minutes to clear out."

Without further ado the wagons rolled off at their best speed, and I, standing by the strange man's side, watched them as they went. When they were out of sight he stooped and tied a thin rope around my neck, as he did this I looked up into his face, but I could not tell much about him, he was so disturbed and angry. Giving one more glance in the direction in which the gypsies had gone, the incensed farmer turned homeward, and I felt that a new life was opening before me. Was it going to be better or worse?

CHAPTER XVII

OLD SHEP

“AND WHAT are *you* thankful for, Addie?”

“I’se thankful that we got old Shep.”

A ripple of laughter went around the Thanksgiving board and four-year-old Addie Osborn opened wide her eyes in astonishment.

Then one of the guests asked,

“Is that old Shep lying there watching us with such a sorrowful expression?”

“That’s old Shep,” answered Addie, “and he’d be the best dog in the world only——”

“Only for what?”

“He cries at night,” and the quaint little girl holding a spoonful of pudding a few inches from her mouth regarded me with a mixture of admiration and pity.

The merry jests which followed the child’s brief explanation were cut short by Farmer Osborn himself, who, pushing his plate back neglected his dinner for a little while to tell the following story in praise of my services:

“Well, everything considered, I think we all have reason to be thankful that we came across Shep. You’ll hardly believe it, but he’s taken a man’s place on this farm ever since he came here, three years ago. Addie was a mere baby then and that dog watched over her with a care which was both touching and amusing.

“Shortly after he came I went into the sheep-business, starting with a flock of one hundred, and hiring two men to herd them, but it seemed impossible to keep the animals within bounds; in a couple of months scarcely a neighbor would speak



ADDIE IS THANKFUL

to me, for they naturally concluded that I had brought a lot of hungry sheep to be pastured at 'other people's expense.'

"I was about to give up in despair when I thought of the dog which had during this time proved himself so intelligent and useful about the house.

"I brought him out one day and told him just what I wanted, where the sheep were to go and where they must stay. After that there was no trouble; every morning the flock was taken to the meadow and every evening brought back, always at the same hour and never a break in their file." Then Mr. Osborn smiled at me and said.

"In winter Shep does chores and looks after the general welfare of the family."

The guests were interested listeners to the story, while the six Osborn children and their mother beamed with delighted approval.

"And where did you get such a valuable dog?" queried a stout lady in whose eyes I had evidently found favor.

Farmer Osborn then told of the gypsies who had plundered his granaries while he enjoyed a few weeks' summer outing, and how the "good-wife"

missed some of her best Bronze turkeys and yellow-legged chickens, and how he had taken the dog as part payment for his loss.

"I sometimes feel a little guilty," he concluded, "for acting so hastily, as I have been since assured that the dog is worth money—much more, I am afraid, than the worth of the stolen grain and fowls."

"Do not let your conscience trouble you," remarked one of the guests, "the dog never cost the gypsies anything; of that you may be sure."

"Swiped old Shep, didn't they, papa?" commented Addie, innocently, and the Thanksgiving dinner ended as it had begun, with a laugh at my loyal little friend's expense.

When Christmas-time came, the gayest of the Thanksgiving company returned, bringing with them the good cheer belonging to that happy season. Aunts, uncles and cousins stood near the well-laden Christmas tree, and after the presents were distributed (I was not forgotten), games and yuletide stories afforded amusement to all; but even when the merry-making was at its height I noticed that a cloud rested on the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Osborn.

I sat and looked at them for a long while, wondering how any one could be sad at such a time, then my eyes wandered to where seven-year-old Clay sat in a deep rocking-chair taking no part in the boisterous games of the other children, he was a pale little fellow, silent and gentle and my favorite in the Osborn family, he had not gone to school of late and now in the firelight he looked thinner than usual and I began to fear that there was danger of his becoming ill.

Alas! I had good ground for anxiety. In another month Clay was not to be seen in his big chair and the wise old doctor who came, though he told the parents to be "hopeful," seemed unable to follow his own advice, for he always looked solemn and shook his head.

Then long weeks passed, weeks in which I was overlooked by every one, but I did not mind and almost forgot my own trouble in sharing that of my friends.

One morning I heard a robin sing, and I gathered a vague inspiration from the sound of its voice, for I could not but feel that with the coming of spring-time our days would be brightened. Sure enough,

while I was still listening to the shrill, sweet "cheer up," one of the older Osborn children came out of the house with a glad smile on his face and led me indoors; there I found Clay sitting before the fire, very pale and thin after his long illness, but there was life in the warm hand that stroked my head, and was that not satisfaction enough for the present?

Although the spirits of Mr. Osborn's family were greatly revived by the improvement in Clay's health still there



CLAY SITTING BY THE FIRE

was a strangeness about things which puzzled me until that eventful day when I was again turned out into the big world to make my way alone.

It was shortly after daybreak when the first buggy arrived, and people began to enter the yard in such numbers that when a short, heavy-set man (spoken of as "auctioneer") mounted a large block, several hundred persons stood in front of him waiting to hear what he might say.

All kinds of farm stock, from "Cleopatra," the family driving horse, to "Speckle," the pet hen, changed ownership, a fact which I made out from the remarks of the auctioneer.

When those sales were concluded, Mr. Osborn turned to Roy, his oldest son, who had been a silent listener throughout, and said,

"Now bring old Shep,"

Whereupon Roy, bursting into tears and exclaiming, "I can't, I can't!" ran wildly away.

Farmer Osborn, more businesslike if not less tender of feeling took hold of the strap which bound my neck and brought me where I could be seen to advantage by the bidders.

As I crawled upon the block beside the auctioneer



SELLING BONNIE PRINCE AT AUCTION

there were murmured expressions about "thoroughbred," "trained," "fine Collie," but my mind was confused and I could make nothing out plainly.

It was early in May, the day was warm and sunshiny, but a cold wave went through and through me as I stood up before all those strange faces and saw the numerous whips held by hands whose cruelty I might learn to know.

"Dollars! dollars! dollars!" How I trembled as the word was repeated again and again.

"A shame to let this beautiful Collie dog go at a sacrifice," chanted the auctioneer. After that the bidding was more enthusiastic. Then as in a dream I heard:

"Sold to Cyrus Goldenheart, for ten dollars and sixty cents. The auctioneer's work was now done. Buttoning up his coat and pulling his hat down on his head he stepped off the block, then a strange man came and led me away.

CHAPTER XVIII

MISUNDERSTANDING AND MISERY

IF MY new owner had a golden heart, as his name implied, he certainly must have loaned it, for I believe that he hadn't any heart at all.

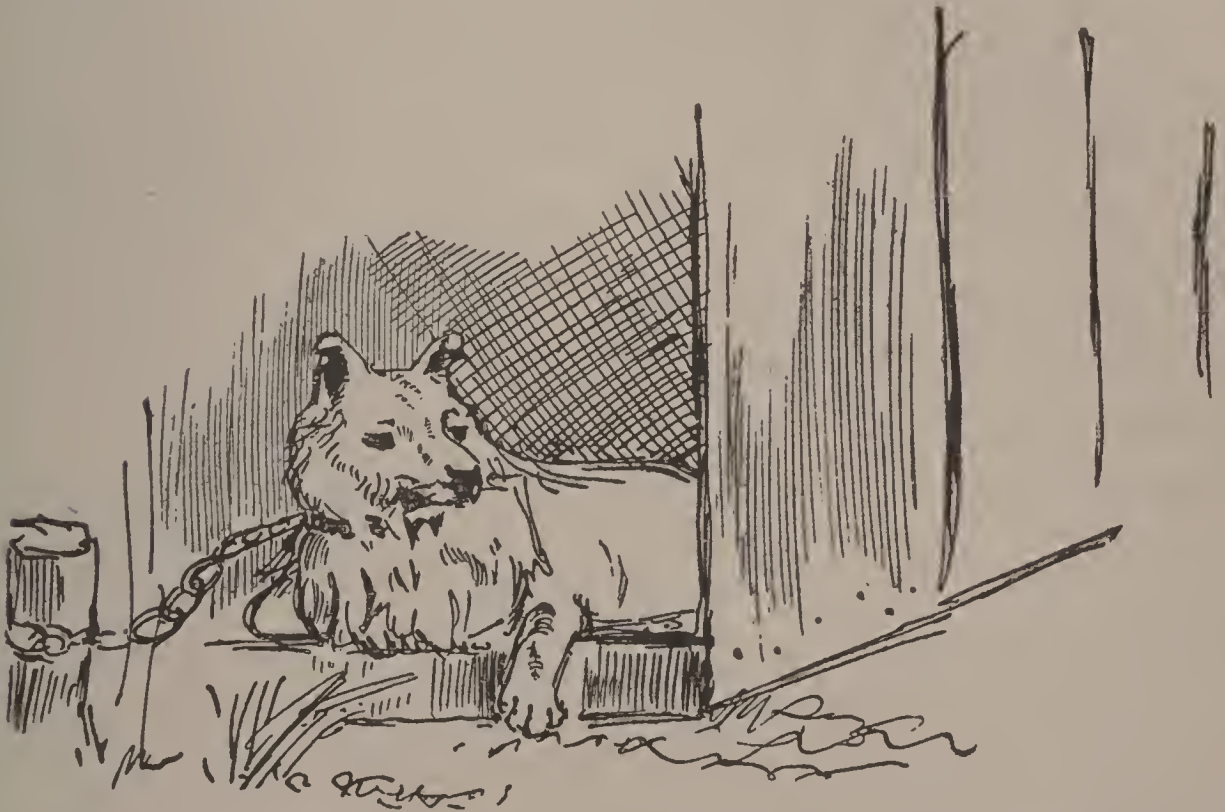
When he first brought me to his home, a very poor looking place, he tied me by a heavy chain to a post, just as if I were a vicious creature, there I remained nearly starving for three days, I was then set free and put on trail as a cow-herder.

I must have given satisfaction, for no comment was made and as the days went by I came to love the mild-eyed beasts, I kept them company by night as well as by day, for I lay among them in the broken-down shed, and felt less lonely while I could gaze up at the stars and hear the deep breathing of my dumb friends as I fell asleep.

One morning summer was drawing to a close, Mr. Goldenheart took me with him a great distance and in the evening we brought home a flock of sheep. I can see them yet as they moved slowly along in a wide, white mass, the bleating lambs crowding

closely for protection among the larger and more powerful animals.

It was late when we arrived at Mr. Goldenheart's farm and he was very cross and worried. I noticed this fact especially from the way in which he treated



BONNIE PRINCE CHAINED TO A POST

"Pitch," the patient little horse that had so willingly shared with me the difficulties of bringing home the sheep.

Mr. Goldenheart, who always thought first of himself, went at once to the house for refreshment,

leaving the tired flock in my charge after turning Pitch unwatered and still saddled into the stable.

Hours afterward the gates were shut and I was relieved from duty. About the same time Pitch was attended to, but I was offered no supper after my long day of fasting. Later, when the lights were all out and the occupants of the house were sound asleep, I crept up to the back porch, hoping to find a crust which might have escaped the hungry cats. Luckily for me, the slop-bucket had been placed outside the door, and from its depths I fished the best meal I had enjoyed in many a week. As I returned to the shed I was moved to pity by the bleating of a little lamb that seemed to be in pain; springing lightly over a low gate I found the small creature caught tightly in the fence, and a great number of the other sheep crowding noisily about it. With difficulty I parted the planks and after pushing the lamb backward and forward for some time, and in so doing robbing it of large tufts of wool, I at last was able to free it; I then returned to the cow-shed and slept the sleep of extreme weariness.

Early the next morning I was awakened by the

harsh voice of Mr. Goldenheart, who seemed to be in a terrible rage. I crawled over a door and into the lot where my eyes met a sight which made my heart stand still. Dead and dying sheep were scattered everywhere. More than half the flock had been slaughtered in the night.

Mr. Goldenheart turned and saw me and I trembled before him, for I knew that I was covered with wool, the result of my rescuing the imprisoned lamb.

"You cur!" he screamed, and rushed at me like one mad; he stumbled over a long iron bar and picking this up he struck me again and again; the light slowly faded and I knew no more.

And yet I was not dead. By some strange chance a spark of life remained within me and after what must have been a long, long time I was able to totter to my feet.

Bruised and bleeding I gained the roadside, looking behind me at every step. Painfully I dragged myself onward, not caring where I went so that Cyrus Goldenheart and his slain sheep remained behind.

After many days and nights I came to the outskirts of a large city, the noises deafened me, people



"IT WAS MISS SIBYL OVERBRIGHT"

seemed too busy with their own affairs to notice my pitiable plight. I now know that it was well for me the crowd passed me by for I would probably have been shot as a "mad dog."

I crossed a narrow street and stepped on to the sidewalk, only a few feet from a beautifully dressed lady who was talking kindly to a ragged little girl.

I decided to stay near, hoping this lady would give me, too, a gentle word and perhaps something to eat. I followed her when she started off, and was glad to see that she did not hurry along but walked slowly as if enjoying the pleasant scenery.

Some minutes later she stopped in front of a handsome stone mansion and opened the pretty wire gate at the end of the long, ornamental walk. As she turned to fasten the hasp I caught sight of her face for the first time, and instantly I threw up my head and gave a sharp bark that startled her.

It was Miss Sibyl Overbright!

CHAPTER XIX

CALM AFTER STORM

MISS SIBYL stooped over me kindly. Would she recognize me? I wagged my tail and gave a little bark.

“Scamp!” she exclaimed. “I do believe it is Scamp!”

I wagged my tail feebly.

“Poor old fellow, you don’t look much like the Bonny Prince of long ago she said, “but I really believe you are.”

When she spoke that old name which reminded me of my happy, blameless youth, I wagged my tail more vigorously and whined a little remorseful whine.

“Yes, it is Bonny Prince, dear old dog! you shall stay with us till Howard comes, how glad he will be!”

Again, at the mention of my dear little master’s name I wagged my tail, joyfully this time, and turned as if to run to him. Whatever doubts Miss Sibyl may have had were now dispelled, calling me to her she closed the gate and we both walked up

the long path. On the veranda of the handsome house stood another old friend, Uncle Fred, who had put me through my paces so many years ago.

“Hullo?” he cried. “Another stray, Sibyl? Why not call the house Dog Hospital at once?”

“Oh! Fred” she answered. “This isn’t a stray—at least, poor fellow I suppose he is, but it is Howard’s dog, you remember Bonny Prince that Mr. Carmington lost.”

Uncle Fred stooped over me and called me Bonny Prince at which I wagged my tail.

“Well, of all the wonderful things, this is the most astonishing,” he said, “bring the poor beast in, let us get him something to eat and then Tom can wash him.”

I was really too-dirty to enter the house, so they took me to the stable, Tom, the coachman, proved a good-natured man who was used to Miss Sibyl’s kindness to dogs and all animals.

“But this is not an ordinary stray dog, Tom” she told him “this is an old friend, Bonny Prince. Mr. Howard French’s dog.”

Tom remembered that Mr. Howard had spoken of Bonny Prince, when he was visiting last winter,

and had told how good and brave and faithful he was. On hearing this my tail drooped, I remembered the life I had led with the gypsies and wished I had never hunted the farmer's chickens, I felt that every one must know all about that past life. But Tom called me into the stable, and soon a nice meal was brought to me, the smell made me realize how very hungry I was, I cleared the bowl of every morsel and then licked it perfectly clean. Then Tom proceeded to give me a bath, this proved a dreadful trial, he was not ungentle and did not mean to distress me but it seemed as if more soapy water found its way into my eyes and mouth than I believed the whole tub contained, and I really felt this to be one of the worst trials I had endured. I am afraid I gave Tom no little trouble, but he was firm and as I have said, good-natured, and he washed and splashed and soaped and rinsed till I am sure every particle of dirt was removed. I was vigorously dried and then combed and then indeed I realized how delightful the effects of a disagreeable operation could be. I seemed washed clean of all the past disgrace, even that most undeserved disgrace at Mr. Goldenheart's which had so nearly

cost me my life. I felt strong and young again, and when, being perfectly dry, I was led to the house I bounded up to Uncle Fred and Miss Sibyl.

"This is something like Howard's Bonny Prince," said Uncle Fred. "Why even I should recognize him now."

"Of course you would" said Miss Sibyl "and so you would at the gate, if you instead of I had met him."



"I LAY AT THEIR FEET LISTENING TO THEIR QUIET TALK"

When they had petted me I lay down before a cheerful fire, the evening was cool and Uncle Fred and Miss Sibyl drew their chairs near it. I lay at their feet and listened to their quiet talk. I learned that Miss Sibyl was now Mrs. Frederick

French. I gathered that my dear little master had been heartbroken when Mr. Carmington wrote that I had been stolen and that as a wandering band of gypsies was supposed to have been guilty of the theft there was little hope of recovering me.

I learned that Mr. French had prospered in his new home far away in California, that my dear little master had grown into a fine handsome man, that he had been to college where he had studied hard and made many friends, with one of whom he was now away on a long voyage.

"How glad he will be when he comes home to see his dear old dog again," said Miss Sibyl. "Perhaps he will not be so thin by that time."

"I hope not" said Uncle Fred, "even his thick coat hardly hides his poor bones, poor old fellow! If you could speak I imagine you could tell us strange tales, Bonny Prince."

I was very comfortable there by the fire, my nose between my front paws, too comfortable to move, but as I heard my name I rolled my eyes up at Uncle Fred and cocked the ear nearest to him.

"Wonderful memory dogs have," said he, "I don't suppose he has heard that name all these years yet see how he pricks up at the sound of it."

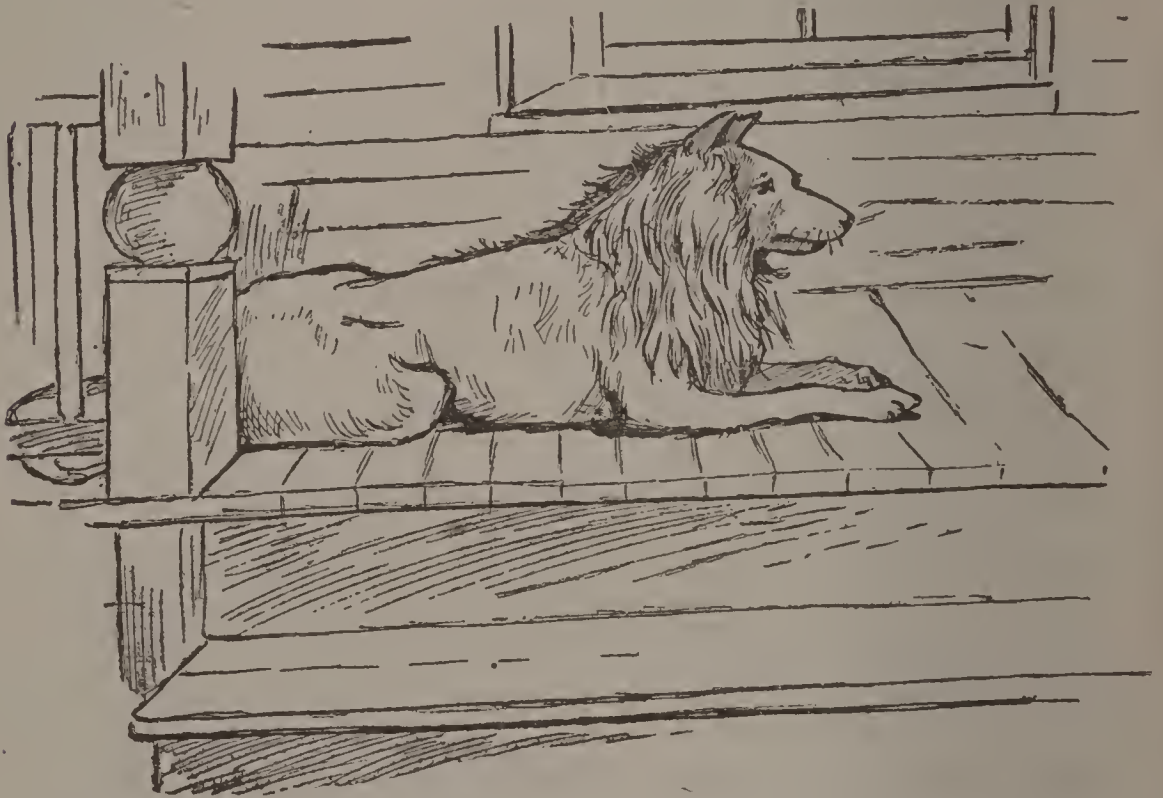
CHAPTER XX

I COME TO MY OWN

THE AUTUMN passed swiftly, my life was once more a happy one. I walked proudly by Miss Sibyl, as I still called her to myself, when she took long walks in the country roads, sometimes she wondered to see me slink by with hanging tail when we passed a poultry yard, she could not know what remorseful memories were then recalled. She never called me Scamp now, but always Bonny Prince. When winter came I guarded the house, fetched Uncle Fred's slippers when he returned tired and cold in the evening, I helped Tom in the stable, made friends with the two nice horses, and was very happy, only when they would speak the name of Howard I would wistfully look towards the door, hoping to see my dear little master enter. Spring came and went, and one glorious July morning a letter came.

"From Howard," exclaimed Miss Sibyl, "Oh! Fred, he says he is coming tomorrow, and I have told him nothing about Bonny Prince."

“A good opportunity to verify Homer’s knowledge of dogs,” said Uncle Fred “to be sure Ulysses’ dog must have been a good deal older than Bonny Prince, but then the world moves faster now-a-days.



WAITING FOR HOWARD

We shall see whether Howard the boy will be recognized in Howard the man.”

As if I should not know my dear little master! I felt quite indignant at the thought as I lay just beyond them on the veranda. I snapped energetically at a fly and missing him bit my tongue. I made up my mind to be the first to see Master

Howard and to show them by my eager greeting that Master Ulysses, whoever he might be, had no more faithful dog than I, though I might be the younger. Alas! on the next afternoon as I lay watchful on the veranda by the stone steps I saw a fine tall young man open the gate and walk up the path and I never moved; on he came up to the steps:

“Hullo!” he said, “this looks like——”

But he got no farther, as soon as I heard that “hullo” I knew and jumping up I leaped frantically about him.

“Down sir, down!” he cried, at each jump “very friendly I’m sure, couldn’t have been more so if you had been my dear old Bonny Prince.”

“But it *is* Bonny Prince, Howard and he *did* know you,” cried Miss Sibyl coming out, “I am so glad, now perhaps Fred will realize what a wonderful dog he is.

I followed them into the house, the happiest dog in all the world, and I was soon sitting close to my dear master, my head pressed against his knee in the old way, while Miss Sibyl told him the wonderful story of how I had followed her and how she



"I LEAPED FRANTICALLY ABOUT HIM"

had recognized me. "And he was a very different looking dog, I assure you from what he is now, oh! Howard you would have been sorry to see how thin and miserable he was."

"Well, he looks fit as a fiddle now" said Howard, stroking my head gently. I sighed with happiness and lay down at his feet, I had come to my own again.

CHAPTER XXI

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

THREE YEARS have passed away since my coming home with Howard.

There is a sign done in gold lettering above the office door which I can not make out on account of the dimness of my eyes, but master tells me that it reads:

“French, Attorney at Law,” and adds, “Your name should be there too, Bonny Prince, for you won my first case.

That you may understand how this could be, I must tell you how it all happened.

Although my young master was very popular with everybody in the city where he lived, as soon as he went into the law-business his visitors suddenly became scarce, and hardly any one but Dr. Lester Winters ever called at the office, and he did not come to seek legal advice, but simply “dropped in” to talk about old times, a subject of which he never seemed to tire.

You will gather from this that Howard had little



HOWARD WAITING FOR CLIENTS

opportunity to gain a reputation or amass a fortune, two things which as he was ambitious he was anxious to do.

At last, when it was becoming impossible for my dear master to remain cheerful and merry any longer, one day a long, thin man came rushing into the office in such a state of rage that I am sure Howard for the moment thought he was an escaped lunatic.

"Look here, young man," cried the visitor, shaking his fist in master's face, "I want you to win a case for me. You've just got to. Every bum-fizzle of an old lawyer in town has ridiculed me and turned me away and I want to show him and them that I know what I'm talking about."

"And what *are* you talking about?" asked Howard quietly, when the strange man paused for lack of breath.

If the visitor had been less excited I could have understood all that he said as he began to explain the cause of his trouble, but I made out that a rich neighbor had shot the speaker's dog "for trespass." "The lovin'est critter that ever was," he concluded, his anger almost melting into tears.

I saw that my master was deeply interested, even



A MAN CAME RUSHING INTO THE OFFICE

touched by his visitor's story and he told the stranger he would see him through, see that he got satisfaction for the wrong that had been done him. Then, after some talk about "the next term of court," the visitor shook hands with Howard and went away quieted.

About a week later, at my master's invitation, I followed him closely across the city square and into a magnificent building which stood in the center of a pretty, green park.

We went up flight after flight of stairs, and I was beginning to have palpitation of the heart when Howard turned a door-knob and all at once I found myself in the presence of the largest crowd that I had ever seen. A great fear or nervousness, I do not know which, came over me, and had it not been for Howard's reassuring smile I can not say what stupid blunder I might have made.

With master's fingers on my head I walked up the wide aisle and was conscious that every eye was upon us. I saw two rows of men sitting close together on a platform and just below them was our strange visitor of a week ago.

Some one was speaking. I saw him standing

there before that sea of faces, but to me his voice sounded hollow and far away.

Howard took a seat at the back of the platform, and I lay across his feet. The air in the room seemed very close; I was trembling and weak and faint. A new thought flashed across my mind and almost frightened me. I was growing old!

The blur and confusion cleared away when Howard arose. Putting me gently aside he went to the front of the platform and began at once to speak. His voice was the only thing that broke the silence, and every one stared at him. I suppose he was wholly unknown to the greater portion of the audience.

He told them what a faithful friend a dog is; of his being more of a real comfort often than a human friend, because his love and gratitude do not change with the change of circumstances..

Howard said a great deal more in the same strain and though not in the least excited, he spoke so earnestly that I thought he was in need of me, and gathering up my stiff bones I went over and standing very near him I put my nose in his hand. I saw several people in the audience take out their hand-



"I PUT MY NOSE IN HIS HAND"

kerchiefs and wipe their eyes. Then before I could reason things out, my master bowed and sat down. All at once there was a great bustle and stir, and it seemed as if every one was shaking hands with Howard.

Two faces beamed especially bright, one belonged to Howard's father and the other to the man who had engaged my master to speak in his behalf.

After that first remarkable case was won, everything went smoothly in Howard's profession, and clients were so plentiful, that master was compelled to call in both his father and me to his assistance. Mr. French did all the written work and I was kept busy trotting back and forth to the postoffice.

That was more than a year ago; of late I have done but few tasks because of an unaccountable weakness which often comes over me, and I am also afflicted with a dimness of the eyes and a stiffness in the joints. So you see it is much more easy to lie with my head on master's feet than to frolic about as I did in the springtime of my existence.

Having so much leisure I was prompted to write my autobiography, and now that it is finished you will probably say that your own dog is a great

deal brighter than I, and he has not even so much as thought of making a record of what he has done.

Whatever may be your opinion I am sure that I have been a help to Howard; for, coming to him as I did, a little dependent mite, he learned kindness and regard for the feelings of others and these virtues have been the stepping-stones to his success.

And now, before I conclude the history of my own life, I will touch upon the doings of our mutual friends.

The Osborns are near neighbors of ours, having moved to this city immediately after parting from me, and their surprise and delight were equal to my own when we beheld each other in this strange land. Mr. Osborn is a prosperous grain merchant and his wife and boys and the girls have not suffered from being transplanted into new soil, for all are well and happy. Clay robust and healthy is the merriest one of all. To the whole family I am and always will be "Old Shep."

The daring and mischievous Lester Winters has become one of the city's leading physicians, and though, out of regard for his profession, he preserves a solemn mien, he is in reality as gay as ever, and his

laugh is as merry as in the days when we went to school together.

From their Illinois home Uncle Fred and Aunt Sibyl send bright letters full of affection for us all. Once a year, in the holiday season, they pay us a long visit, Uncle Fred is trying to arrange his business so that they may come and settle out here, and then our happy family circle will be complete.

Aunt Lucy, in her chosen vocation of caring for the sick, is stationed in a hospital only a few blocks away from home, and the most joyous day of the week is the one on which she comes smiling in with pleasant remarks for everybody and enthusiastic accounts of the progress of her patients.

Mr. French is kept busy with Howard's documents, but the work never grows irksome to him, so proud is he of his wonderful son.

Mrs. French, whom we have never found obtrusive, is very happy in her quiet way; going about her household tasks in a manner which makes one feel comfortable to watch her. The hair which was golden, like Aunt Lucy's is now sprinkled with white, and she wears it drawn back smoothly from her brow, but her face looks remarkably young.

from the fact, I suppose, that she is always smiling. Aunt Lucy says that her sister never has ceased to smile since Howard came home.

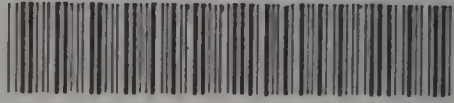
So you observe that with the exception of myself, each has his duties and even I am not always idle.

Time goes rushing on, yet for me there is no sadness in its flight, only a great joy in my heart, endless because of the knowledge that master and I will not be separated any more—never in this life—and afterward—I hope it is not a wicked thought—perhaps in Howard's Heaven there will be a little corner for his faithful dog.



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